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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

THE JESUITS.

History of the Jesuits. By Andrew Steinmetz, author of "The Novitiate," "The Jesuit in the Family," &c. 3 vols. 8vo. Bentley.

IN the history of this most extraordinary confederacy there is much to reveal, of a nature to excite the greatest curiosity and wonder; and the whole of these three volumes is, accordingly, filled with accounts of the strangest possible events that could be imagined among the transactions of mankind. Yet we are inclined to believe that all that can be disclosed is as nothing to compare with the secrets and mysteries which can never be unfolded. Never did human invention contrive such a plan to vest uncontrollable and universal power in a body of men, bound together by ties as unbreakable as they were invisible, subject to no change, unscrupulous in means to attain an end, devoted to the death, and ruled as if by a supreme direction, shrouded in darkness which no eye could penetrate, nor speculation trace. Marvellous was the labyrinth, and marvellous the machinery. Wheel within wheel, check upon check—the highest and the lowest equally within the thrall of a net whose meshes extended over the world; families enslaved, crowns subservient, the training of youth but a step of the ladder; and life (if opposed to the onward course of omnipotent sway) hanging by a mere hair, to be snapt in an instant, a sacrifice to vengeance implacable: such was the Jesuit scheme; and the bodies and souls of millions of men were the tools of an insatiable ambition, and a despotism without example or parallel. The priesthood of ancient Egypt, the dominion of the church of Rome, and, to a certain extent, the sanguinary code of Druidical worship, no doubt present similar features of power obtained by the prostration of intellect before the devices of fraud and force; but to Ignatius Loyola belong the concentrated fame of individual accomplishment, and the erection of a system of matchless influence over the destinies of humankind. For good and for evil was this influence exercised, from one end of the earth to the other; but ever without loosening one link of that authority and process of action by which nations were enchained. China and South America witnessed the same efforts which pervaded Europe; and the perfection of Machiavelism, made a thousand times stronger by the addition of religious control, wrought out the full measure of Jesuit ascendancy. Their first century, as Mr. Steinmetz states and shows, was one vast miracle; and if, after that period, they were more subject to fluctuations, still enough remained to render their history a succession of great and surprising incidents, replete with interest and instruction. For if we look back on the lesson, we must inquire if it be yet possible for such another system to gain possession of the world, as the Mormons, even in our day, did of a portion of it. Can any knot of our fellow-creatures contrive, for their own purposes, a scheme whereby to attain unlimited power, and trample on the necks of all the rest of their race? Can the rationalism of Germany, the deism of England, the atheism of France, or the indifference of other countries, be induced to bow to some new doctrine, and proselytism idolize a comet, a King of Israel, or a Millennium! We know not. Enlightened as we boast ourselves to be, there is yet ignorance and folly enough, if cunningly assailed, to admit of abject submission, and, perhaps, the adoration of Steam, with stokers for its Priests; or of Electricity, with Groves' battery for an Altar.

With this brief preface, we have now to commend **Enlarged 132.)**

the work in hand to our readers. That its view of the Jesuits and Jesuitism is unfavourable need hardly be expressed; but, at the same time, the author does not forget extenuating merits. The exposure of intrigues, impostures, and crimes, is fertile in hundreds of singular circumstances, and chapter after chapter relates to the most incredible of inventions, and the most astonishing instances of credulity. Murder and bloodshed are not excluded from the narrative, and atrocities at which the heart aches are but too rife in these pages. To the reader, however, we must leave so extensive a series of scenes, and simply select, by way of example, two or three specimens of Mr. Steinmetz's style and manner. When treating of the return to the Catholic faith by Henri IV. of France, Mr. Steinmetz observes:—

"Henry's 'conversion' was ready money to the moderates; though Spanish doubloons still stimulated the holy union of sedition. It was a moment of crisis—a time when public opinion was totally unsettled, and therefore might be swayed with dexterity in any direction, if skillfully handled. Pamphlets swarmed accordingly—biting ridicule—cutting sarcasm—stinging jokes fell thick upon the Spanish faction, so pious, so holy, so comfortable in the midst of starving thousands. In truth, the sixteenth century was the epoch of caricature and pamphlets. Luther, the German and Genevan school, and subsequently the Dutch and Flemish, had popularized those dashes of biting rage which went at once to the common sense of the multitude. They would seize whatever was ridiculous in a man, or a measure, or a cause, or a system, and fling it to feed the herd of mockers. So desperately given to horrible bloodshed—so often in the midst of hideous sights, that sickened the heart until it was made insensible as stone—the men of the sixteenth century needed farce, folly, burlesque, and masquerade—a mixture of religion and debauchery, so necessary to unite a dreadful earth to that heaven which, after all, those religionists felt was receding from them further and further for ever. They sang their mistresses and the holy confraternities together. Fantastic religionism and rampant licentiousness are the most untoward things in existence; infinitely more so in times when dreadful crimes must be committed with the deliberation we commonly require to perform an act of heroic virtue. Hence the people then loved the excitement of vivid improprieties, whether tending to inspire grief, hatred, pity, or withering contempt. Never had the productions of caricature been more touching—light, yet penetrating. It pounced on all the emotions, all the creeds of the epoch. Had it to account for religious persecution? How naturally it fetched a devil, and showed him up blowing forth the infernal atrocity. Nor did it scruple to paint the great serpent lugging off to his quarters flocks of Huguenots and politicians. Intentions, characters, absurdities were perfectly reproduced, and assumed embodiment life-like, unmistakable under the creative hand of the artist. The parliamentarians took hold of this powerful arm as soon as it favoured them. Paris was inundated with pamphlets, with caricatures, and striking suggestions. They represented the Spanish ambassador under the figure of a huge hen, her head covered with an enormous red bonnet and plume, carrying on her back a long broom, and holding up a little owl—evidently meant for Philip's *infanta*, the royal dream of the Spanish and Jesuit faction—for France or for England. This fowl ambassador is holding a parley with the pope's legate—a remarkably fine cock with long feathers, accoutred in a crimson episcopal roundabout, and armed with a cross-bow, at the end of which is a little fish, to represent Saint Peter's hook, which

caught beautiful pence rather than the souls of the purgatorial caverns. Disgusting and blasphemous were many other thoughts and fancies of the hour—a terrible reaction, however, against the still more disgusting and blasphemous proceedings of the Leaguers and their sacerdotal bellows. When ridicule iswhelmingly brought to bear upon a cause, nothing remains for it but to die—and that was the doom which ridicule prepared for the selfish League, its selfish priestcraft and fanaticism."

Of the existent condition of the Jesuits we are told—"The rich province of England is likely to be the general refuge of the Company. The origin of the Jesuit-wealth in England is interesting. When their colleges at St. Omer, Bruges, and Ghent crumbled under the horns of the Papal bull, the establishment at Liege was somehow spared. The French Revolution supervened: that avenger included the Jesuits in its fearful retribution; the college at Liege was destroyed; the Jesuits and their pupils were expelled. This misfortune was the harbinger of prosperity to the Belgian Jesuits. They took refuge in England; and the generous Thomas Weld, of Lutworth Castle, a Catholic gentleman, presented the exiles with the domain of Stonyhurst.

"It is impossible to state precisely the number of the modern Jesuits; certainly it is not less than 7000 of all ranks in the Company, scattered and lurking over France, Italy, Germany; settled in various 'Missions' in the East and the West, whence they contribute 'edifying letters' for the 'Annals of the Propagation'; but these letters are very far from being as 'curious' as those of old: the energy, the talent of the Company passed away with the last failures of the original Company. The modern Jesuits may have, according to Gioberti, all the craft and cunning of their forefathers, but neither as apostles, nor as men of science, nor as authors, nor as teachers, can they claim the slightest right to be named with the Jesuits of old. It was to me a most remarkable fact, that whilst at St. Cuthbert's College the educational system of the Jesuits was carried out to the utmost extent (as I can attest from the experience of six years nearly), I found little or nothing of the sort at Stonyhurst; and the pupils who had passed through their 'Humanity studies' had evidently not attained the acquisitions prescribed by the *Ratio Studiorum*. The English fathers cannot do better than strictly adhere to the letter of the educational law, as laid down with the sanction of the glorious Aquaviva.

"Nevertheless, the establishment 'pays' for the 'gratis-instruction' was not renovated at the restoration of the Company. The College of Stonyhurst must receive, on an average, at least 6000*l.* per annum from pupils—the number being about 120, at 40 guineas per annum, for boys under twelve years of age; for those above that age, 50 guineas; and for students in philosophy, 100 guineas. Besides this, the college possesses and farms some thousand acres of good land, over which one of the fathers presides as procurator. The Jesuits are highly esteemed in the neighbourhood; their handsome church is thronged on Sundays and festivals; and on stated occasions, they distribute portions of meat to the poor, besides supporting a small school for their children. Hence they have influence in those parts, as any Member of Parliament will find to his cost, should he not make friends with the Jesuits.

"The English fathers have no less than thirty-three establishments, or colleges, residences, and missions in England. Of course Stonyhurst is the principal establishment, where the Provincial of England resides. The college in 1845 contained twenty priests,

twenty-six novices and scholastics, and fourteen lay-brothers.

"Of the 806 missionary priests in Great Britain, including bishops, the Jesuits alone can say how many are enlisted under the banner of Ignatius, though, doubtless, this knowledge is shared by the 'Vicars-Apostolic' of the various districts in which they are privileged to move unmolested. The Jesuits are muffled in England; it is difficult to distinguish them in the names of the Catholic lists annually published. They have established a classical and commercial academy at Mount St. Mary's, near Chesterfield; and the prospectus of the establishment, after describing the suit of clothes that the pupils are to bring, not forgetting the ominous 'Oxford mixture'—simply informs the world that 'the college is conducted by gentlemen connected with the college of Stonyhurst.' These 'gentlemen' are generally sent out in pairs, by the provincial, according to the Constitutions, and thus may charm by variety; for the quantity of work on hand in the various Jesuit missions in England is by no means so evident as the speculation for more, by this constitutional provision. The secular priests are doubled and tripled by the necessities of the mission; the Jesuits are doubled, tripled, and quadrupled, by the requirement of the Constitutions, and the prospects before them.

"The Jesuits in England dress as any clergyman, or any gentleman: by their outward man you cannot tell them. Strange notions are afloat respecting these men. I have been asked if I do not think that there are Jesuits *incognito* in the University of Oxford. This question I cannot undertake to answer. Such a speculation would indeed be a bold one, even in the Jesuits: but then, consider *De Nobili, Beschi, &c.*; surely, if a Jesuit may assume the *Brahmin* and *Pariah*, in order to 'ingraft Christianity on Paganism,' he may assume the *Protestant*, in order to ingraft Romanism on Protestantism, firmly convinced of Lucian's axiom, namely, that 'a beginning is the half of everything.' This is arguing from the past to the present—nothing more.

"Again have I been asked, by what sign can one distinguish a Jesuit? Perhaps the sign whereby you may know the Jesuits, is their being better housed, better clothed, and better fed than most other Roman-catholic priests. This sign is, of course, equivocal: but the fact is undeniable; the 'missionary funds' of the Jesuits are liberally applied—to their members; 'they give freely what they have freely received.' In other respects, the Jesuits show themselves by 'results.' They dare not interfere openly in missions pre-occupied by the secular clergy; but they are independent of the Roman-catholic bishops, except for ordination, which is a matter of course. Still, perhaps I am justified in believing that their movements in London are considered by many of the orthodox as somewhat encroaching.

"If these 'doings' in London are 'for a sign' as to their other localities, they are not idle. Nine years ago, there were only two Jesuits in London; there are now at least four in one 'residence'; and if their great church in Berkeley-square be now finished, there must be twelve Jesuits in London, to 'serve' their metropolitan speculation, as was intended."

"The vice-province of Ireland numbered sixty-three Jesuits in 1841, and seventy-three in 1844. They possess, in Ireland, the colleges of Congloues, Tollyabey, and Dublin. They have recently established a second 'house' in the last-mentioned city.

"But the day of the Jesuits is passed for ever. While they may yet interfere in the concerns of the world: but never more will they either rule or 'convert' kingdoms. Men's eyes are opened. A simple faith alone will be admitted between man's conscience and his God."

We can afford no idea of the miscellaneous character of the entire work; and only repeat that it is full of very remarkable matter. Portraits and other appropriate embellishments stud the volumes, and illustrate the most striking points in the text.*

* Mr. James Burns has just published a small brochure, entitled "The Prophecy of Orval," which asserts that all the remarkable events of the present century were pre-

NEW AND ORIGINAL NOVEL.

Madame de Malguyet: a Tale of 1820. 3 vols. Longmans.

ONE of the best recommendations of a new novel is that it possesses originality. It is the prominent merit in *Madame de Malguyet*. The tale opens with a smart satirical account of a levee-day and reception at the Admiralty, where Captain John Merrick, without family connexion or parliamentary interest, is bowed out after a very curt interview with the secretary; and is led by an accident to retire for a season to a country town towards the south of France, where the scene is laid. The descriptions of the place and surrounding champagne are faithful and graphic; but still greater powers are displayed in the characters into whose society the hero is thrown. His own is well drawn; and Monsieur and Madame Picotot, whose pupil in French and *pensionnaire* he is, are capital in their way: he the Mentor to the naval Telemaachus, and she the lively, coquettish little lady, perfect in all her feminine arts, and yet natural to the last degree. But Madame de Malguyet, who gives the name to the book, is a still more remarkable personage, and quite original. An emigrant apparently of the noblest blood of France, she is restored to her estate when the Bourbons are restored to the throne, and becomes a being of oddity and mystery to all her neighbours. Our countryman develops her history and position, from the destruction of her family at the Revolution, through her twenty years' sojourn in Italy, to her return and occupation of the mansion and vine-clad acres of her ancient race. Nor are the subordinate parts less ably portrayed. Her steward, Josse, her calabrese attendant, Brigitta, and her game-keeper, Pierrefeu, and other domestics, are all done to the life; and the Buonaparte-retired colonel, Lambert; the bulky *vivandiere*, his mother; Grivet, the gunsmith; Finot, the gambler; and the rest of the inhabitants of Plassy who figure on the canvas, are all so truly pencilled, that, however strange the circumstances, we never for a moment fancy we are in a land of invention and fiction.

Now, it is difficult to illustrate any novel without betraying its secrets, and more difficult to illustrate in any manner whatever such a novel as we have described this to be. We must take a scene or two "at all hazards," as the Chartists met on the 29th of May, and leave the case for public judgment, presuming that it will be quite as favourable in the instance of the book as it was the reverse on the trial of that poor, simple-looking Fussell, which we witnessed on Wednesday. Colonel Lambert is confiding his biography to Captain Merrick:—

"I was a monk at Orval, named Philip Olivarius, in the year 1544, gives a translation of these predictions, and alleges proofs of their authenticity; contending generally for the gift of prophecy being extended (Catholically speaking) to modern times. Into these apocryphal questions it is not our present business to enter; but we allude to the subject simply for the purpose of copying a passage relating to the Jesuits, which we find in this publication. It is stated that whilst in preparation, 'another remarkable prediction has come to our knowledge, which it may not be uninteresting to allude to here. The following is an extract from a correspondent in Belgium.'"

"In a private letter I saw the other day, from Naples, there is an extraordinary thing mentioned. A few days before the expulsion of the Jesuits from the town, one of the fathers found among some old papers, a prophecy regarding themselves, which he brought down and read aloud to the brethren assembled in the refectory. At this time they had no more reason to expect to be expelled from Naples, than the general had seen everywhere to their order. The prophecy mentioned that in 1848 they would be expelled from Naples, but that in 1849 some of them would already be invited to return, and that in 1850, after having done great things for the faith in other countries, the body would again return to Naples, never more to quit it, and that the Society would be more glorious than ever. We may yet see if this prophecy be a true one."

"The same correspondent, in alluding incidentally to the prophecy of Orval, (which has also been reprinted in Belgium,) quotes another and independent testimony to its authenticity,

"The gentleman," he says, "in whose house I am now visiting, saw it fifty-two years ago, since which time so many of the events mentioned in it have happened."

"The following prophecy, he adds, has long been current in Germany:—

"I would not be a King in 1848.

"I would not be a Soldier in 1849.

"I would not be a Gravedigger in 1850.

"But I would be whatever you please in 1851."

"I was last night, as, alas! not unfrequently happens," continued he, gloomily, "I was last night twitted with my bastardy,—for bastard am I,—by my own mother! She does this to annoy me, when she is not herself: the lien that binds me to Plassy is she, she cannot leave the place, and would kill herself if I served a Bourbon; but for that I would have joined the ranks once more, for I have some interest, and in the main think with you as to a soldier's duty."

"Twitted with your bastardy by her who—Heaven! you make me almost ask can it be possible, though 'tis you tell me!"

"No truer syllables were ever uttered. I was called from the time I can remember, the child of the regiment that she was suttler to: the men, they even used to call me Cartouche, for I had no name; at last a sergeant who lent my mother one of his names, Lambert, generously made a present of both of them to me, and I became Pierre Lambert: under this name I was enlisted quite as a boy before the Revolution, and found myself, not long after things had a little shaken into order, in the 19th Chevaux Legers: my mother and I quarrelled violently:—why, I leave you to imagine—but the truth was I could not remain as a grown man in the regiment with her, and she herself did all she could to drive me from the corps where my presence was a sort of restraint on her:—I joined the 23rd, went to Egypt, and heard for years no mention of her: between 1800 and 1802, I was myself not in a position to hear of her, having thought myself aggrieved, and having left active service, but necessity and the argument of friends drove me back to the old trade of fighting. I got my Lieutenant's commission at Austerlitz, my cross of the legion at Eylau, and then feeling my credit increased, did all I could to discover my mother, and place her, if alive, in a better and fitter position: all my efforts were useless, and I began to conclude she must have died, and was almost inclined to welcome the idea such was the case, for fortune still favoured me, and in 1800 at Wagram, I found myself a captain!"

"It was not till towards the close of the disastrous campaign in Russia that I heard aught of my mother. She was still a suttler in the 32nd of the Line, and by the description I recognised her, still a very handsome woman, immensely large and powerful, still known as Mère Lambert;—in spite of the common name there was no mistaking. Well, our army was in retreat, and I, who was with one of the reserves on the Polish frontier, was constantly out keeping open our communications, and escorting forage and provisions. A convoy of this kind had, I remember, come up, just as we were moved on Grodno as a support to the retreating army. I heard, as we marched, that the escort was the 32nd; our support to the main body was of course ineffectual, but being fresh, the 23rd was posted under me to cover the retreat. One day when the enemy's light troops were pressing us, there was a good deal of fighting about the baggage of an infantry regiment, a party of which, unsupported, defended the stores and munitions with desperate gallantry. I was ordered up with a squadron to bring them off. We charged them well; but in a moment after were surrounded by a cloud of light troops and driven back on the infantry. As I rallied my men just upon these unhappy carts that had cost so much blood, I observed on the flank of the two companies, deployed to show a front to our pursuers, a large powerful woman, serving the men with liquor. She was encouraging them in the true camp slang the soldiers love so much, and they in their rude way showed much anxiety she should not be too forward. She was dressed, I remember, in a soldier's jacket, over her coarse striped petticoat. I was just on the point of speaking to her, when the Cossacks came on in force, several hundreds at once, screaming and yelling like maniacs; the infantry, most of them, broke, and ran to the carts; and my people, and a few of the 32nd, for that was the regiment, stood, and those that did were ridden down like rotten straw. I was myself upset bodily, and fell under my horse, much stunned, but unwounded

—unable to move; at some distance from the carts just before me, lay an old French soldier mortally wounded, and insensible; his hair and mustachios were snow white, and he must have been a man of at least sixty. The woman I had seen now advanced from the cart, where she had taken shelter, and spoke to me.

"Art dead? No, you'll do this time, Captain; but here is one will eat no more *ratatouille*."

"A few tears rolled down her cheek; she knelt, and kissed the old man's forehead, moistened his lips with brandy, took from his breast an old pocket-book and the cross of the legion which he wore, and then came to disengage me. At this moment a straggler of the enemy, a Cossack, the main body of whom had gone to plunder the baggage of other columns, rode up suddenly and attempted to lance me. I caught the weapon at the expense of a cut hand, and had power to hold it so that the fellow could not recover it from me. As quick as lightning the woman signed me to hold the lance fast, which I only could do safely (while my opponent sought to jerk it from me or inflict a stab) by burying the point of the weapon in the ground. She took up the musket of the dead soldier:—it was discharged, but with the utmost coolness she clubbed the piece, came noiselessly behind my antagonist, and by one blow brought him from his horse, finishing him with another. The dead soldier was Pierre Lambert, and the woman, my mother."

"Well?"

"Well—after that what could I do, but devote myself to her? She got the cross and its pension, and a small pension beside, and was for a person of her condition rich, and even very rich. She retired to Plassy; fortunately her size is so enormous that she is rarely, if ever, seen in its streets. Rest, and high living, after her constant life of action, had an immediate effect upon her frame, already larger and more powerful than that of any female I ever saw. She can hardly stir out, but sits for hours in the open air, fishing in the stream on the banks of which our solitary cottage stands: these things you just picked up are lines and hooks for her amusement: I would I had taken them to her, but to tell the truth, she is not sometimes a gentle, nor a pleasant companion."

"But why reside with her?"

"For reasons I cannot, and could not give you. When I took up my abode with her after the Hundred Days, it was not with intention to remain, but I then saw I could and ought not ever to leave her. Now, Merrick, will you let me say *je t'ennuie*? Now, will you grudge me the wretched excitement of gaming? Except that, or to break an unruly colt for Pere Ledru, the dealer, now and then, I have no single change in the monotony of a most distasteful existence."

Madame Malignet's expatriation to Leghorn offers our next example:—

"Merrick's snuff-box was lying on the table between them, where he had for an instant put it down. Madame de Malignet reached her hand and took the box, which she opened, and, with the air of a connoisseur, passed it two or three times before her face."

"'Tis a good mixture," she said, closing and replacing the snuff-box, "but your canister is too high-dried."

"And how on earth," asked Merrick, as much surprised as amused by the professional criticism, "how can you detect that?"

"By more than twenty years' experience of the trade simply."

"What? you were —?"

"A snuff merchant; if ever you go to Leghorn, call at my old shop in the Strada Major, and ask for Malghetti's Mixture,—I made what many would call a handsome fortune by it, and some other lucky hits."

"The tale is a simple one:—Josse and I reached Marseilles ultimately, and thence, after a short stay, protected by my republican garb, I contrived to make my escape in a small coasting vessel bound to Leghorn. I furnished myself with a sufficiency of clothes, much of the same fashion as you see me wear, and with a few other necessities,—my gold and jewels I

carried about me,—reached the port of Leghorn without let or hindrance: long habit made male attire set easier on me than any other, and I found in it a protection which my unfriended state could not have procured for a lone and solitary woman. I was fearless, and confident in my own resolution; I had money in abundance, and the world before me to choose my dwelling in, my own France excepted. I took an humble lodging with a poor widow whom I paid highly, and who sought not to make any idle inquiry as to what I was, or whence I came. During the day I studied Italian, at night only, when the streets were quiet, did I venture out for air and exercise. Three months had thus passed away when a singular event occurred, which ended, as you will hear, in fixing me in the town whither chance had brought me. I was returning from one of my nightly rambles along the quays of the harbour—it was a cloudy threatening night, but there was enough of fitful moonlight to distinguish objects at a little distance; suddenly I perceived a short space before me, on the jetty edge, a woman, rambling backward and forward, at times stopping, clasping her hands, and uttering low suppressed shrieks and deep sobs, then resuming her irregular restless walk, striking her bosom and forehead with all the evidence of violent grief. I approached, and watched her unseen. Suddenly the unhappy creature tore off some portion of her dress, retired a few paces, uttering some incoherent words, and then rushed as if to precipitate herself over the jetty. I saved her just in time: my frame, though slight, was nervous and strong, the result of my manly training, and I held her despite her struggles. This was Brigitta."

"Brigitta, the Calabrese!"

"Even she, poor soul! Shall I ever forget the night I passed with her on that dreary quay! it was one of the most trying of my life; she was mad, poor creature, mad with despair; incapable of reason, and heedless of exhortation, she yielded to kindness and to confidence. I calmed her gradually; I told her I was a lone woman like herself, perhaps hardly less unhappy: I won her to tears, poor thing, and then, when 'twas almost daylight, I got her, exhausted with emotion, half dragging, half supporting her, to my lodging. To procure her admittance, I had to entrust my poor widow with my secret, which none in Leghorn save these two ever knew."

"And what was the cause of this violent despair?"

"What they say is woman's bane,—man's treachery: and yet, after all, was the traitor in this case to blame? He did but fulfil his destiny, and hers. She was never much other than you see her now, yet with so little to attract, the unhappy creature became madly attached to one of the handsomest men of his day, as I have heard, in Italy; he has since achieved a European reputation, and you have doubtless often seen and heard him; it was no other than —, the famous tenor singer, then beginning to be known as an artist of taste and talent. He left Naples, where she had seen and slightly known him (for some of her relatives are respectably settled in that city, with whom she then lived), and came to fulfil an engagement at Leghorn. The unhappy creature followed him—you may guess the rest. After some months, G— was offered an engagement as first tenor at St. Petersburg, a fact which he kept secret from Brigitta; he made every arrangement for his departure, left a few hurried lines to say that their separation must be eternal, and abandoned her."

"Poor creature! so she owed her life to you?"

"She did not thank me for it, for she longed to die. I never saw despair like hers. The only idea she clung to as her only consolation, was, that G— had loved her. It was an illusion, of course:—his masculine vanity might have been momentarily flattered by the passion of this unfortunate, and for a time he may have shown some signs of affection for her,—doing homage to his own merit as embodied in her love: 'tis the way with many men, few of whom, so far as I can see, deserve the deep attachment of a loving heart. Oh! who would be a woman, to love, and find her love not understood! Poor, poor Brigitta! she would sit for hours, muttering, as she

swayed herself restlessly in her low chair with a ceaseless rocking of the body,—but he loved me!—did he not tell me so? Oh! he loved me, he loved me, he loved me once!—'twas a heart-breaking thing to see. Thank God, I am no woman!"

"Another long pause occurred, during which both colloquists seemed lost in their reflections. Madame de Malignet broke the silence in her dry abrupt manner:—

"We began by tobacco, did we not?"

"The question was so oddly asked, that Merrick could not help smiling."

"And thence got to love and suicide. Let me briefly conclude my story:—Brigitta lived with me some three months more, and I had succeeded in restoring her to some degree of calmness, when the necessity of employing my funds in some species of commerce forced itself on my attention, for things in France looked worse for us than ever, and it became of importance that I should consider by what means to support myself, as permanently an exile from my native land. A man named Crevelli, who was a box-keeper, and under-accountant to the Opera-house at Leghorn, and who alone had shown any kindness or sympathy for poor Brigitta of all the many who caressed and admired G—, filled, as it happened, in addition to his other callings, the place of book-keeper in a large wholesale and retail tobacco shop. Here G— and Brigitta had lodged in the short summer of her visionary happiness. Crevelli, in one of his visits, informed Brigitta that the stock and good will of the concern were for sale on excellent terms; and to make a long tale short, I became, chiefly through his instrumentality, purchaser of them on most advantageous terms. To reward his past and secure his future services, I gave him a small interest in the business, the conduct of which he perfectly understood, and besides, an ample salary,—and thus it was that the owner of the broad lands of La Chalanterre, the daughter of a line of lordly sires, lived for years unnoted and unknown as Malghetti, the snuff-merchant."

We have abstained from meddling with any of the direct incidents in the course of the narrative, including a curious scrape with the provincial police, a match at billiards, a duel and its consequences, which bring out the characters in full force, and lead to disclosures that evolve the complex plot, and drop the curtain on a finale as original in conclusion as the whole is in design. Well-written pages of acute incidental remarks and sensible literature add to the general merits, and strongly commend *Madame de Malignet* to public favour.

IMPROVED SYSTEM OF PARTNERSHIP.

Partnership "en Commandite," or Partnership with Limited Liabilities, &c. 8vo. Wilson.

AMONG recent publications have been several volumes of great practical value in the treatment of questions of political economy, trade, and foreign and colonial intercourse, and the relations of producers and buyers. It appears to us that before these lights a considerable mass of theoretical and speculative fallacy has disappeared, and that we are more likely now than heretofore, to be guided into right paths and judicious measures for the public welfare and advantage of all classes of the people. Views at once liberal and correct will, we trust, be speedily brought to supersede restraints and shackles which have erroneously been thought necessary for the advantage of particular interests; but which have, in fact, been injurious to them and to all within the sphere of their action. Among the trammels thus imposed, none seem to be less defensible than those which impede or prevent the safe use of capital, and, as it were, lock up the mainsprings of industry and accumulated wealth. The laws, in this respect, assuredly do not seem to be the perfection of human reason, but so much the reverse, that we can hardly tell on what rational grounds they have been framed; or why, in the face of examples, teaching the benefit of an opposite course on the continent and in the United States, they have been so long persevered in,

to the heavy detriment of commercial England. This volume, we think, must open all eyes to the great fact, and lead to the adoption of an improved system.

The author sets out with a comprehensive glance at the growth of our immense manufacturing power, and the imports and exports connected therewith; the princely fortunes made in the cotton trade, and the panics and changes which have followed in the train of that original success. These topics furnish data for many important statements and much sound argument. Thus, for instance, we are told—

"Government lessened its war expenditure too soon after the fall of Napoleon. In 1813 and 1814, the two last years of the war, our expenditure was 212,775,987*l.*—or about 106,000,000 sterling for each of these years. In 1815, when the expenses of the renewed contest were included, it was 92,280,180*l.* The following year, 1816, it dropped down to 65,169,171*l.*; and in 1817, it was only 55,281,238*l.*, consequently, there was so much less—so much money taken out of circulation. The Government of that time looked only from year to year, and appear not to have considered the effects of this contraction. The remission of taxes went on, when the war was over, with great rapidity. The very cessation of a war-demand for various articles sent abroad was injurious to the producers of those articles. From 1805 to 1814, we had spent 800,000,000*l.*—we suddenly sank the annual expenditure below one-half. Mr. Alison has truly remarked—'As much as the public expenditure before 1816 exceeded what a healthful state of the body politic could bear, so much has the expenditure since that time fallen short of it. Violent transitions are as injurious in political as in private life. To pass at once from a state of vast and unprecedented expenditure, to one of rigid and jealous economy, is in the highest degree injurious to a nation; it is like reducing a patient suddenly from an inflammatory diet to the fare of an anchorite. It may sometimes be unavoidable, but unquestionably the change would be much less perilous if gradually effected.' Every one, from the palace to the cottage, felt the effect of this—Prices fell, in proportion as Exchanges rose. The demand for all articles of consumption declined. Mr. Peel expected to cure all by the resumption of cash payments, and the abolition of paper-money representing—nothing! The fault was, the war ended, *we began to slacken sail too soon.* In the Continental states—Austria, Prussia, Russia, Holland,—there was none of this sudden contraction of expenditure and circulation; no rapid returning to cash payments; no monetary crisis. Their subjects actually paid as much in peace (more, perhaps) as they had paid during the war. In England, Mr. Pitt's famous scheme for the reduction of the National Debt, by means of a sinking fund, was soon virtually abandoned, in order to reduce the taxes. The Continental Governments kept up the taxes, and made new loans, on favourable terms, to pay off the war-debts incurred upon unfavourable terms—just as a landowner who has imprudently borrowed money, in his youth, at six per cent., again becomes a borrower, in wiser years, at five per cent., to pay off his first incumbrances, and saves the difference of an annuity of one per cent. Then commenced the reign of Mr. Rothschild and the money-contractors—a reign which, for good or for evil, has lasted more than thirty years. Whether the money-panic of 1847-8 has not shaken their throne, as other thrones have lately been shaken and overthrown, time must show."

The author is frequent in his denunciations of Mr. George Wilson and the *Economist* newspaper—

"On the 10th of April, 1847, he boasted that in ordinary trade there never was a period more free from speculation than the two previous years—that the only speculations had been in corn and cotton, in both of which the greatly reduced stocks and small amount of production rendered any severe losses impossible—and that commercial houses were never in such a solvent state. On the 17th of April, repeating all this, he added that no commercial discredit or crisis was to be feared. However, he

did not long repose in this pleasant vision of security and solvency. On the 1st of May, 1847, he not only admitted that discredit *had* arrived, but asked 'What is the character of the present crisis?' The article I allude to, adds, 'Meantime, the evil we are now labouring under is an exhaustion of capital' [it appears that, while I write these lines, in the middle of May, 1848, money is at 9½ per cent.] 'and scarcity of commodities, which nothing but economy can remedy or increased productiveness supply.' Here is encouragement for misers to hoard, and for Manchester men to set on all sail! Instead of economising, we had to pay eight per cent. for money, by order of Government. Stocks were increased, but there never were fewer sales; never were stocks larger and prices lower—never were so many artisans out of employ—never did this want of employment cause more threatening manifestations by the masses against the laws and the public peace. In the subsequent pages, I have more fully referred to this writer, whose sagacity, judging from the specimens subjoined, is certainly not of a very high order, and whose effusions appear more remarkable for words than ideas. 'Brevity is the soul of wit,' but in the *Economist* there is little soul, less wit, and no brevity."

The following general remarks are most pertinent, and, to our mind, conclusive:—

"Thus have I glanced over the history of the cotton trade, from its commencement, eighty-four years ago—during the latter half of which I have personally been concerned in it. My own experience would make an eventful story, more interesting, perhaps, than the pen of Fiction has imagined or developed. The result of this experience is the conviction that, like Napoleon, we have taught our tactics to other nations, who will not allow us to monopolise the supply of the world. Still, the part left to us is the lion's share. Let it be worked, as it ought to be, in peace at home and in friendship abroad. We cannot pretend to conquer the trade of the world to ourselves, but what we have cannot be taken from us. It is an unsocial thing to say, 'We will rise only on the ruin of others.' Far nobler the sentiment—'For each and for all.' We have our immense home consumption. We have Ireland at our right hand. We have the supply of our colonies, receiving their productions in exchange for our manufactures—an interchange of the most vital importance, as it can really make us wholly independent of supplies from any foreign country. It is by union in our trade and commerce that this country can maintain her superiority among the empires of the earth. The soundest political lesson ever given is to be found in the fable of the bundle of sticks,—one by one they might be broken, but while they were bound together, you might press it, weight it, but the bundle defied all efforts to break it. America, Germany, France, and Belgium have entered into rivalry with us. They keep together for mutual advantage; and they resist the systems which, by new tariffs, tend to separate their agricultural from their manufacturing population. Their ardent desire is for colonies and increase of shipping, whilst England appears careless in what manner her commercial marine may become injured—in what manner the ties which bind the colonies to her may be loosened. I fear that we legislate too fast. The anticipated reduction of foreign tariffs has not been made. What country has yet responded to our free-trade concessions? In truth, foreigners are unwilling to abandon ascertained advantages, in the hope of some future and uncertain equivalent; nor will the oratory of a hundred Cobdens tempt them so to do. Had free trade been proclaimed in Germany and Belgium twelve months ago—had there been no protecting duties in these countries during the last six months, there would not now have been a cotton spindle turning in either country; for No. 40 twist is now selling in Manchester at 7*d.* to 7½*d.*, which, if trade were healthy, should cost 9*d.* to 10*d.*"

The grand argument of the work, however, is to urge "the principle of Limited Partnerships, by which capital can be thrown into profitable circulation with

more prospect of success and less chance of loss than in any other mode. Let me, in conclusion, briefly state why I advocate this. For a number of years the resources of this country have been engaged in an unhealthy system of foreign trade. The home trade has been neglected, and has been absorbed by a comparatively limited number of large houses, which leaves less money to circulate among the middle classes. Not obtaining a remunerating interest in the funds, these classes fly, from time to time, into various wild speculations (generally with the loss of their money), and the gambling propensities thus brought into action weaken, if they do not destroy, the high *morale* for which these classes were once distinguished. This running rashly into such speculations may be prevented, if the middle classes be allowed to invest their money, with comparative safety, in Great Britain, Ireland, and the Colonies, by means of Limited Partnerships, in which the liability does not extend beyond the actual amount of money put into each concern by each person. The annual accumulation of property in this country is estimated at 65,000,000*l.* Continued during a five years' run of prosperity (the usual limit) this capital would amount to 325,000,000*l.* The banks are then overflowing with money. There is an excess of capital for which there is no demand; but, very often, rather than it should be unemployed, long dated East India Bills are accepted. After such an accumulation, the middle classes, not finding employment for their money, have rushed with it into foreign loans and excesses of speculation. I would hope to see them legitimately withdrawn from these sources of loss, by giving them the power of more safely employing their money by means of Limited Partnerships."

The unhealthy monopolies which, bolstered up on false credit, crushed the middle classes and led to the prodigious failures last autumn, are sharply exposed for reckless, if not fraudulent trading:

"The monopoly-houses engrossed an enormous and undue share of business. They were not content with fair and reasonable returns. Their entire course, from first to last, exhibited a series of attempts to keep themselves afloat, at any risk and at any sacrifice. They had little or nothing to lose; and they would freely have risked a great deal to maintain their position. Hence, forced sales at enormous sacrifices—hence, also, the complication of accommodation bills, with heavy discounts in their train. Against this, what could smaller and less speculative houses attempt or do? The proportion of business left to them was small, and the profits were reduced. The 'monopoly-houses' grasped at everything, sparing no sacrifices to obtain money. At length came ruin; and the public saw, with astonishment, that 'the great houses,' which had carried all before them, were bankrupt alike in means and character. They are fallen. Let us hope that similar decoys may never again appear among us. There ought to be room now for the less pretending but safer houses, which of late years have almost been elbowing out of business. None of these have failed—only the mock-capitalists. The moneyless credit-men went to the wall. It is well that they are among the things which have been. To take their place—for a great amount of real business is to be done—the really independent firms may operate now."

"Let it be borne in mind," adds our authority, "as a 'great fact,' that the bankruptcies, and insolvencies, and payment-suspensions, and compositions of the black autumn of 1847 will not realise an eventual dividend of twenty per cent. This sufficiently shows the character of these failures. It is worthy of notice that the average of dividends, under London bankruptcies, is less than twenty-five per cent. It was stated in evidence, before the Bankruptcy commission of 1840, as the result of the observation and experience of six years, that out of three hundred London bankruptcies, the average of dividends was only 4*s.* 9½*d.* in the pound; of these, one hundred and five had paid 2*s.* 6*d.*, and only two had paid 1*s.* in the pound."

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liabilities to the amount of eleven millions sterling: and the total amount of failures in Great Britain and Ireland between last August and February was not less than twenty-four millions, of which not one-fourth is ever expected to be realised:

"The crisis came upon them with the unexpectedness and force of an avalanche. Some few of these houses were dragged into the gulf by their unavoidable business connexion with firms which deserved the fate they found—but the great bulk of the persons who failed must or ought to have known, that for a long time before they were supported by credit and not capital. One great part of the system under which these houses sank was their over-trading to foreign parts, merely to obtain advances of money upon goods to send out, to enable them to prop up their falling credit. This was to the great injury of the fair and solvent traders, who did not need money upon such terms, and who found their legitimate operations ruined by glutted markets. The excess of supply over demand was created by the large shipments upon speculation, entered into simply as a means of creating bills, which were discounted for a time, but finally rejected by the banks, when these operations enabled them to see how gigantic and ruinous was the system of flying kites."

We subjoin a few other passages, connected, though not consecutively, with the main point at issue:

"Had England, only ten years ago, given one million sterling to establish flax-spinning in Ireland on a large scale, perhaps there would not have been any necessity, in 1846-7, to have given eight millions to relieve her poverty."

"It may be concluded that wages form the most prolific source of public wealth—that every measure which tends to produce wages must be favourable to general prosperity—that whatever tends to decrease wages must be injurious—that a nation ought to make money circulate throughout its whole extent; and that to lead money to a foreign power is to impoverish the people at home, for it is to exchange for a fixed and limited interest, an immense and daily increasing profit arising from circulation which we have shown to be in progress and in a constant state of activity among the community. According to this principle, the capital or money of a country ought necessarily to be invested, in some manner, in the country itself. Agriculture, manufactures, mines, railways, public works, fisheries, trade, and commerce carried on by shopkeepers and merchants, as well as the exercise of the intellectual professions, must give useful employment to the capital of a country."

"The property possessed by the middle classes in this country is immense in amount, but has not been yet brought into active operation. Part of it may be employed with or without advantage to the owners; but the thing required is to bring more of it into action; for every class must gain by the circulation of capital."

"Beyond its cost price and its commercial value, every article has a value arising out of circulation."

"In former times, 'Ships, Colonies, and Commerce' was the motto of our merchants and traders. Why has there been this decay of our colonial trade? Simply because our colonies, wherever situated, are suffering from the want of capital to produce sugar, rum, coffee, cotton, wool, and other articles for which our manufactures would be taken in exchange, with increased employment to our mercantile marine, from the impetus which the carrying trade would receive. The capital which would make the colonies not only self-supporting, but actual mines of wealth to all connected with them, might readily be supplied from this country if the law would permit. The money is in the hands of the middle classes, who are anxious to give it profitable employment. They would be willing to invest it in increasing the produce of the colonies,—they could obtain a liberal commission by acting as agents for the disposal of that produce in the home markets,—they could give employment to the working classes here; but the law says to every man who may invest any sum in this manner, whether it be ten pounds or ten thousand, 'Should this investment prove unfortunate, you are liable to your

last shilling and to your last acre,' for all the engagements, even if they extend to millions, which may have been entered into."

"That the cotton manufacture, which has been represented as the great support of the nation, giving employment to its capital and its labour, has not advanced of late, is an assertion capable of ready proof."

There is some comfort in the following:—

"Whoever may despair for England, on account of her failing exports and her rivals' success, assuredly we do not. There is a spirit of vitality in her trade, an elasticity in her commerce, which cannot easily be destroyed. As they did not spring into existence on a sudden, so their decay is not likely to be as rapid as alarmists have a melancholy pleasure in anticipating. The solid and stately edifice of England's mercantile greatness has been the growth of centuries. Slowly did it arise, secure are its foundations. A cloud may sometimes hover over it, but no permanent ill has scathed it as yet. It is true, that the system which has hitherto been so successful appears now to exhibit those symptoms of incipient decay, to which it would be the duty of the sagacious and the patriotic to pay attention. It is easier to repair than to re-construct; and it would be well for all classes—mercantile, manufacturing, agricultural, and political—to take into their serious consideration the ascertained fact, that our foreign trade—on which we have depended so much, and for which we have neglected, if not almost sacrificed, our trade at home, in Ireland, and in the colonies—is gradually declining. Did it rest solely with our manufacturers, foreign countries would simply serve for the granaries of the United Kingdom, while, in exchange for food, we should supply them with cotton goods, linen fabrics, woollen cloths, hardware, cutlery, and other manufactures of the useful metals. But it happens that this exchange, which would be so advantageous for us, would not be quite so profitable to foreign countries; and therefore it cannot be made."

As a remedy for most of the evils which have flowed from the pernicious practices so ably described by the writer, he reverts to his proposition, and points to America as a pattern:

"The triumphs which have then and there been achieved would never have been accomplished without the aid of capital, which, distributed as it is in that country among all classes, never could have been brought to bear upon these aids to national prosperity and social civilisation of the law, had there been placed a barrier to its employment. But the Limited Partnership system, which so largely prevails there, has enabled capital to be thus employed, without involving its owner in unknown and ruinous risks. It has allowed the use of capital for the construction and ownership of steam-boats, railways, and the telegraph. Without it, the latter could never have been completed—or, at least, not without delay and difficulty. Nearly all the lines of telegraph in the United States are in the hands of associations of individuals, simply established in special or limited partnership, and are profitably working."

We can, however, only indicate the nature of the author's well-reasoned labour, in support of which a crowd of convincing arguments are adduced, and notice that his observations on Ireland, Australia, and on other important subjects, are replete with matter worthy of the gravest attention. In short, the prospects and prosperity of our country so largely depend on the establishment or rejection of the data laid down in this volume, that we cannot too strongly recommend it to the commercial, monetary, and political world.

GERMAN ACCOUNTS OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

Steffens' Adventures on the Road to Paris. No. LXIX. of Murray's Home and Colonial Library.

COMPRESSED from voluminous German publications, this episode paints a long road, and one, certainly, not without some memorable turnings. It begins with the birth, parentage, and education of Steffens, who became a distinguished professor and poet, and who took a striking part in the revolution of Germany

which sealed the fate of Napoleon at the battle of Leipsic, and the consequent march to, and capture of Paris.

Well as the plan of this cheap series has been carried out, now through nearly threescore Nos., we must say, that we have not met with one more original in its features, or more amusing in its style and conduct, than this. The natural simplicity which pervades the narrative, often ludicrous and grotesque, rather enhances than detracts from the value of the information; and the prominent figure of the Norwegian Dominie Sampson never appears upon the stage, especially in war, without producing an effect upon the risible muscles of a very pleasurable kind. At the taking of Paris we read—

"We stood before Paris; the position of the forces was unknown to me; the hills of Pantin and Montmartre hid the city entirely from us; Blücher's corps were fighting in the distance; the two hills were before us, the town of St. Denis just behind. Our headquarters were assembled on a wide extended plain; but of the battle, and the state of Paris, I knew nothing. The day before I had made a long march, in a state of great excitement. I had passed the night without sleep; and as we stood there on the field, hour after hour, far from the troops, and unable to gain any clear intelligence, our impatience rose to a painful pitch; thrown back upon myself, I was at last overcome with a most provoking lethargy; we had left our horses farther back; I wrapped myself in my cloak and fell into a sound sleep."

"When I awoke I found myself alone, I could not see a soul over the whole wide plain, and I saw cannon-balls thickly strewn all round me, which had ploughed up the earth. I knew not which way to turn, and it was long before I found headquarters; they had moved to the right, closer to Montmartre. I then learnt that the generals had changed their posts because the enemy had observed them, and the cannonade had been hot upon the place. There had been some firing there earlier, and it must have been resumed while I slept; it had not waked me, and I had stood a good chance of a tranquil passage to another world. News of the advance of our army increased, and reports of the movements in Paris, of early attempts to defend the city, and subsequent abandonment of the intention, became stronger. The French forces still sought to maintain Montmartre. It was again a lovely spring evening. Gneisenau, surrounded by some officers, stood on the plain, when a French officer approached—it was Bourgoing, son of the author, and he brought news of the armistice. Whilst he delivered his message a shell fell into an ammunition-wagon close by us; the wagon-driver cut the harness instantly, and galloped away. Bourgoing looked round very uncomfortably, but Gneisenau only moved very slowly away. A tremendous explosion took place, the fragments flew in great curves above our heads, and Gneisenau quietly continued his speech; he gave me orders to carry the news of the concluded armistice to the Russian troops, who were still fighting at Montmartre."

"I joined the advanced guard on the hill, which was thickly covered with bushes; they were still engaged, and it was some time before the dispersed riflemen could be recalled; the enemy withdrew at the same time, and a strange stillness succeeded. I mounted the hill; the Russians entered the city, and Gneisenau appeared a few minutes later."

"Through the geognostic researches of Cuvier and Brongniart, I thought I was familiar with the locality of the hill of Montmartre and the environs, and I offered myself as guide to the general; we were both naturally burning with desire to behold the city of Paris, lying at our feet. I led him and his followers through a street, which, however, was closed up at the end with houses. 'Paris must be there, that is quite certain,' said I, as Gneisenau turned to me with a smile, and an inquiring 'Well?' A great door stood just before us to the left; we passed through it, and found ourselves in a churchyard bounded by a low wall. The great city which we had conquered lay before us in the glowing evening light, and I stood by Gneisenau."

"I folded my hands; a prayer breathed silently from my lips; it was the greatest, the holiest moment that I ever lived. Every incident of the eventful time since my secret and distant correspondence with Gneisenau first began in Halle—our concealed meetings in Breslau—the outbreak of the war—the whole campaign, with its confused events and brilliant victories, all swept before my memory; and now Paris, and with her the giant who had shaken Europe, lay powerless at our feet. I saw the mighty city which for centuries had constrained and influenced the mind of Europe—the city which, till now, could call herself the greatest, the metropolis of civilization. My thoughts flew farther, and again they turned within. They reverted to the time when, as I greeted with enthusiasm the German soil, I had first perceived the coming storm. I remembered how I had traced it as it slowly rose, and how it at last broke over us; and now it had cleared away, and a cloudless heaven once more shone above us. The clear fine evening reflected the bright dream which entranced me.

"I was quartered in Montmartre in the same house with General Gneisenau, and towards noon he came into my room with his look of kind perplexity. I saw plainly that he had something to tell me which he feared might be unpleasant. He spoke at first of various subjects—of scenes of the campaign—of acknowledgment of the small services which I had rendered—and plainly tried to put me in good spirits. At last the unwelcome message must be told:—"Dear Steffens," he said, "at twelve o'clock to-day the Emperor and the King of Prussia are to make their triumphal entry into Paris: those troops which have suffered least in the campaign are to attend; the officers will appear in full uniform." I interrupted him quickly, laughing; it was the last thing I should desire to make one of such a show—my appointments were not fit for a parade. I assured him that to be excluded would be far from an annoyance; my intention was to glide privately about Paris, and not to be a blot in the splendid spectacle. Some of my companions were as little producible as myself; we should take our chance to find our way, and doubtless we should find some German friends who would direct us. Gneisenau was satisfied."

In truth, this said uniform never did set well on the patriotic professor; and his exploits in soldiership were in keeping with his clothes. He, nevertheless, excited his numerous class to rise en masse as volunteers to join Blücher, V. York, and Gneisenau; and, of course, he accompanied his pupils to the field. His ensuing descriptions are unique. He is speaking of a Major von Z., and says—"My unfortunate awkwardness, which was incomprehensible to him, called forth endless reflections upon useless, clumsy philosophers. On such occasions my position was not very flattering in the presence of my former disciples, among whom I was now the most stupid of the scholars; they supported me, however, on every occasion, and never failed to let me feel that they still remembered our former very different relation to each other.

"Once, in a village, the name of which has escaped my memory, a general advance was commanded. I was among the first who after a hasty equipment joined the major at the rendezvous, and was ordered to march with a small party in a certain direction before the village, in order to act as promptly as might be required on the approach of the enemy. I received no more particular orders. I ventured to inquire in which direction the enemy's approach might be expected.—"That you must find out," said the major, and I undertook the duty with much anxiety. I was utterly deficient in military experience, and was, as my friend Schall once called me in a poem, only a natural born soldier. I went with my small party in the appointed direction, judged as well as I could from very uncertain reports of the probable direction of the enemy, and posted two men on an eminence to reconnoitre, and behind them an advanced post—whether they were too far off or too near, I was wholly ignorant. The major came to review my position, and a storm then fell upon my

unhappy head, which convinced me that I should not be able to continue that line of service. I was treated as the most incomparably stupid of human beings, the reproaches being varied by lively sallies on the uselessness of bookworms; in the course of these I was made answerable for all the trashy pamphlets of miserable authors which had been published since the subjugation of Prussia.—"Where did you look for the enemy?" "There," I said, "answering to the reports." "You should have expected them on the other side—you ought to have known better." A large portion of the detachment were witness of this scene, including a number of my Breslau students. I had, as my rank required, received it all in silence, but later on the same day I waited on the major; he was more civil than before, and I sought neither to excuse myself nor complain of him, but represented that my position in regard to many in the detachment made it desirable for me to be appointed elsewhere, and that, as General Scharnhorst had only intended me to be in it for a time, my removal would save the major the unpleasant duty of correcting me in the presence of my own pupils."

Again, on the eve of a battle, General Scharnhorst requires back a horse he had lent him.

"There was," he tells, "something cruelly humiliating in my situation, and the more enthusiastically I had anticipated the approaching contest, which had been the longing desire of so many years, the more wretched did I feel. I was pacing my little room with restless steps, when the sound of a galloping horse's feet stopped suddenly at my door. The rider threw himself off, and gave me a letter from Scharnhorst. 'Here at last are my orders; now have I a place and part in the important day.' I tore it open, and read as follows:—

"Dear Steffens,—I am sorry to be obliged to beg you to send me back the horse which I lent you. I lament that you will thus be prevented from appearing on the field of battle. It is the animal which I always ride on great occasions; and I fear that you will be obliged to remain in the rear to await, as I trust, the victorious issue of the day."

"I gave up the horse, and now I was in despair. If I were absent from the field, I felt that I should be disgraced, and incapable of service for the rest of the campaign. I had heard the name of the village where the garde-chasseur battalion was posted; I set off, and by walking a mile joined it at last, though, having had some difficulty in finding a guide, it was nearly morning before I reached it. I called up the chief of the battalion, and begged him to put me in the way of obtaining a horse. I was conducted to a countryman, who at first stoutly resisted my demand, but at length produced one. It was a yellow chestnut, old, half-starved cart-horse; his ribs might be counted, and his hips stood up like the sharp sides of a rock. I climbed up to the miserable saddle, evidently the peasant's own manufacture, and after much effort the poor animal got its limbs set in motion. It was obstinate, and its mouth was as hard as iron. No Prussian horseman ever cut so strange a figure. The knapsack which the guide had carried was fastened behind, and it was long before I got the clumsy beast into a trot. Which way to look for the field of battle I knew not; but as the day began to dawn I thought I perceived troops in the distance, though I was quite ignorant whether they were friend or foe. I rode forward, however, till I reached a large, open, gradually sloping field. Here I found a large body of Prussian infantry formed into line. How it took place I cannot tell, but suddenly I found my horse and myself in the very front, hindering the advance. An officer of rank, who must have been greatly astonished at the singular apparition, came up with angry looks exclaiming, 'What the d— are you doing there?' General von York had been pointed out to me in Altenburg; I recognised him with dismay, while I made a desperate but for some time unavailing effort to induce my charger to retire from his position. I have but a confused impression of how I got out of the scrape; I only remember the sound of the General's scornful reproof. When I subsequently became well acquainted with him, and related the

history of the disaster, he was highly entertained. After many inquiries and much riding backwards and forwards, I found Scharnhorst. He told me to remain near him, and ordered one of his adjutants to mount me on a baggage-horse. It was nearly noon, and the engagement began; but I had no idea whatever of the position either of our force or the enemy's. Cannonading was heard all round, and the enemy seemed to be behind Gross Görschen, but I could not perceive them.

"I rode together with Gneisenau and the officers surrounding Blücher. The enemy stood before the houses of the village. A charge of cavalry was made on our side, and I suddenly found myself in the midst of a shower of balls. Prince Wilhelm's horse was shot dead under him. The charge was repulsed. Of how I got into the midst of it and how I got out again I can give no account whatever; only two things remained clear on my recollection: one was the sensation caused by the enemy's grape-shot. It seemed to me as if the balls came in thick masses on every side—as if I was in a heavy shower of rain without getting wet. Yet I cannot say that I was exactly overcome with fear; the impression was more strange and peculiar than alarming. The second object which distinctly impressed me was Prince William. He was then about thirty years of age, handsome in person, with the undaunted air which belonged to his royal race; and he was mounted on a splendid charger, which he managed perfectly. As he rode, smiling and composed, amidst the shower of balls, he seemed to me like a fair vision which I shall never forget. Gneisenau seemed quite joyfully in his element. Immediately after the attack, he gave me a message to General Wittgenstein, and now began my darker part of the day. I rode forward, and looked about. That the battle was still raging near Gross-Görschen was proved by the tremendous cannonade of the enemy. I had no idea where to find Wittgenstein. Everything round me seemed confused, and as if I was covered with a veil. I felt a tottering, a swimming, which sprang from my inmost soul, and increased every moment. I was plainly seized with a panic—the cannon fever. I found Wittgenstein, notwithstanding, and delivered my message; and as I returned I met the detachment of my own volunteers, who as yet had taken no part in the engagement, but expected orders every instant to advance. I described to them under all the excitement of the moment exactly what I had seen and experienced. The young men listened with thirsting curiosity. It is well known how distinguished themselves that day by their daring valour. When I rejoined Gneisenau all was in active engagement, every man knowing his duty and working hard in his appointed place. Nobody of course troubled themselves about me, and the feeling of my inability overwhelmed me, whilst I was obliged to stand there a mere useless looker-on. I perceived Scharnhorst carried wounded away; I had lost sight of Gneisenau. I was surrounded by strangers, and I found myself at last alone, with the enemy's balls howling around me."

The account of the action at Möckern, which preceded the battle of Leipzig, is a singular mixture of the ludicrous and graphic force; but this, and some other captivating extracts, we must reserve for our next Gazette.

METRICAL ROMANCES.

Specimens of Early English Metrical Romances, to which is prefixed an Historical Introduction on the Rise and Progress of Romantic Composition in France and England. By George Ellis, Esq. A new edition, revised by J. O. Halliwell, Esq., F.R.S. 8vo. Bohn's Antiquarian Library.

A VERY judicious choice for Mr. Bohn's cheap series, but a work that might have been most easily spoiled by the professed antiquary. An edition of this popular work, loaded with the dry antiquarian details on the subject which half a century has accumulated, might have been acceptable to a few, but would undoubtedly have smothered the original design of the author, and rendered the volume incapable of continuing a mission

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similar to that accomplished by *Percy's Reliques*, and which it has hitherto relished. Ellis, in fact, did for early romance what Percy had previously effected for ancient poetry. Both subjects were first made popular by those writers, and we are glad to find that Mr. Halliwell's additions and corrections in the present edition are in no way calculated to embarrass the general reader by the discussion of learned subjects, which, however valuable to archaeologists, would have been positive blemishes in Ellis's charming narratives.

It cannot be requisite now to enter into the peculiar merits of these specimens, or to expatiate on the humour and talent displayed in rendering tales, which are inconceivably dull in the originals, attractive to a large class of readers. But we may venture to insert a short extract, for the work has hitherto been too expensive to have found its way to the multitudinous recesses of our present cheap literature.

THE RAVENS.

"At a sea-port to the westward of this city lived, some time since, a merchant, who by numerous voyages had acquired a princely fortune, and who, preserving a taste for his early profession, frequently amused himself during the summer by sailing from island to island. He had an only son, to whom he had given an excellent education; and the young man, though only fifteen years old, had so far penetrated into the most difficult secrets of nature as to have acquired the languages of birds. One day, while the father and son were sailing in a new and favourite vessel, a pair of ravens continued for some time to flutter over their heads, occasionally settling on the masts or in the shrouds, and croaking so incessantly that the old merchant was much disturbed and almost deafened by their noise. 'I wish,' cried he, 'since I cannot silence those vile birds, that I could at least discover the subject of their discourse!' 'That,' replied the son, 'is addressed to me: they have been telling my fortune, and they assure me that I shall one day be much richer and more powerful than thou art, and that a time will come when thou shalt be happy to support the sleeve of my cloak whilst I am washing; and that my mother will be proud of holding the towel to wipe my hands.' 'Indeed!' exclaimed the father. 'Art thou so discontented and ambitious? But I will soon try whether the croakers are not mistaken in their prophecy!' With these words he suddenly caught the youth round the waist, and threw him headlong into the sea; after which he altered his course, and still boiling with indignation, sailed back to port.

"The youth was fortunately an expert swimmer, and, seeing an island at some distance, exerted himself so effectually that by the blessing of Providence he at length reached the shore. But the island was uninhabited, and during four days which he passed on it he was unable to procure a morsel of food; yet he had the consolation of receiving assurances, from different sorts of birds who frequented the island, that his trial would be short, and that Providence would ultimately reward him for his sufferings. On the fifth day, he discovered a fisherman in his boat, and had the good fortune to attract his attention. He now partook of the poor man's provisions; but his entertainer, having no means of supporting him in future, had no sooner conveyed him to land than he sold him to a certain lord who was steward to the king of the country.

"This monarch, with whose name and dominions we are unacquainted, was at that time tormented by a very singular misfortune. Three ravens thought fit to become his constant companions. Whilst he was in the field pursuing his amusements, they fluttered over his head, and croaked so loudly and incessantly that the poor king was almost stunned by their shrieks. If he retired to his palace, they established themselves near his window, and continued to distract him. It was in vain that he changed his lodging from room to room, or from palace to palace; his quick-sighted and winged adversaries were always at hand. Their lungs were indefatigable, and their bodies appeared to be invulnerable.

"The king in no place might have peace,
For of their noise would they nought cease,
Nowhere for bow ne for sling;
No man might them away bring.

Vast rewards had been offered for their destruction; the king was even willing to bestow the hand of his only daughter, with half of his kingdom as a dowry, on the person who could release him from his importunate and clamorous companions. At length he determined to convoke a solemn parliament of all his nobles and wise men. If he could obtain no relief from his torment, it would be some alleviation to talk about it.

"During this time, the merchant's son was become the favourite slave of the king's steward, and having heard the reasons for summoning the convention, obtained permission to accompany his master, for the purpose of beholding the solemnity. The monarch made a long and eloquent speech, described very pathetically the discomfort of hearing at every moment of the day three hoarse voices which were perfectly unintelligible, and concluded by offering the hand of his daughter and a participation of the sovereignty to him who could relieve him from his distress. But his counsellors were silent. The archives of that country did not afford a single case in point, and it appeared that no ravens, since the establishment of the monarchy, had hitherto attempted to molest the tranquillity of the throne.

"The youth now assured his master, in a whisper, that he was able to unravel this mystery, and was ready to do so on receiving from the king a solemn assurance that the reward should not be withheld; and the steward having announced this proposal, the king bound himself by oath, before the assembly, to perform the conditions. 'Sir,' said the youth, 'the two ravens who sit together and appear to be engaged in constant dispute, are two males; and the subject of their altercation is that old female, who sits apart and is generally silent, though she sometimes takes her share with considerable acrimony. The elder of the two disputants was originally her mate; but during a year when corn was extremely scarce, he considered her maintenance as too troublesome, and abandoned her. She would probably have perished, but for the attentions of the younger raven, who fed her during the time of famine, and has continued to prove to her his tender attachment. The old raven has since become once more enamoured of her charms, such as they are, and insists upon renewing his former engagement; but neither his old mistress nor his young rival will consent to his claim. Hence their incessant clamour. They have, however, agreed that the matter shall be decided by your majesty, whose wisdom and equity are well known to them, and who, they are confident, will bestow on this very intricate dispute all the attention which it merits. When you shall have pronounced sentence, they will immediately quit your court and retire into the forest.'

"The king, rejoiced at the prospect of recovering his tranquillity, and willing to merit the good opinion of the ravens, referred the cause to his parliament, where it was discussed with due solemnity; after which, being satisfied with their sentence, he stood up and published his award, 'that the old raven should forego all future claim to his first mate, for whom he had shown himself deficient in affection by quitting her in the year of famine, and that she should become the lawful mate of the young petitioner, whose love and constancy were highly laudable.' Scarcely had he pronounced these words, when the old raven, uttering a furious scream, flew off with great velocity, and the happy couple, after expressing as well as they could their gratitude to their royal judge, departed in an opposite direction.

"The youth now received the hand of the princess amidst the applauses of the whole council, who were much pleased with his sagacity; his bride was overjoyed at being united to a husband who was young and handsome; and the old king, who retained an involuntary dread of the whole feathered creation, reflected with great delight, that under the protection of such a son-in-law he might henceforth sleep in peace, even in the midst of an aviary.

"The happiness of this child of fortune was now complete; yet he could not help feeling a strong desire to behold once more his mother, who had always treated him with kindness, and even the father who had so unjustly thrown him into the sea. Whilst he was devising means of seeing them, a vision informed him that, being reduced to poverty, and ashamed of remaining amongst the witnesses of their former opulence, they had lately sought an obscure retreat in the very city which was now under his government. Thus informed, he despatched two sergeants with orders to find out the strangers, and to announce to them that the prince of the country had heard of their arrival, and intended to dine with them on the following day. The astonished couple made the best preparations in their power for the reception of their royal visitant, and, when the table was prepared, presented him with water to wash; the husband supporting with great respect and humility the long sleeve of his cloak, while the wife presented the towel. Thus was fulfilled the original prophecy of the ravens, which the son immediately recalled to his father's recollection. The old merchant, who thought himself devoted to instant death, turned pale and trembled; but the prince, having embraced his parents, ordered them to be lodged with him in the palace, and during the remainder of their lives continued to cherish them with unceasing duty and affection.

ENCOURAGEMENT OF FISH-BREEDING.

A Treatise on the Management of Fish in Rivers and Streams. By Gottlieb Boccins. Van Voorst.

The author is not a practised writer, and is guilty of much repetition; but the substance of his book is of high and general importance. If the man deserved a nation's gratitude who could make two blades of grass grow where only one grew before; what must he deserve who would supply a whole country with fish, whose abundant waters are now uncultivated and barren, offensive to health as the Serpentine, instead of teeming with wholesome, delicate, and nutritious food? Such would be the result of following the advice given by Mr. Boccins, and taking care of the spawning, rearing, and safety of fish, and the salubrity of the streams, ponds, and lakes, which they inhabit. A single extract will pretty well illustrate the whole:—

"No salmon are now caught in the Thames, but though the Tyne has many alkali works on its shores from Newcastle downwards,—and alkali is death to every species of fish,—yet it abounds with salmon. How is it that, with these destructive manufactories on its banks, and in despite of the swarms of steam-boats and tugs ever passing up and down that river, it is still a good fishery? Why, simply because salmon and all other fish migrating from water to water never stop on their way, but push forward, and that at a fast rate, till their intended journey, for which Nature has prepared them, is completed: for, as I have said, salmon being very swift, soon pass through the water which is offensive, and then run for the pure springs fit for spawning.

"As birds of migratory habits, previous to the time of travel, get extremely fat, and can bear the want of food for many days till their flight is accomplished, so is it with fish who migrate; and this fact will account for salmon being finer in flesh when taken off the mouth of a river, and better flavoured in brackish than in fresh water. Again, Thames salmon have a very short distance to travel to get out of bad water into good, and leave the shipping and bugbear steam-boats behind them. We will take Woolwich Reach, always brackish water, and get up to Hammer-smith, a distance of twenty miles, which salmon in good health and full vigour would traverse in less than three-quarters of an hour.

"I will now recal the attention of my readers to the plan which I propose for increasing the food of man, by restoring the stock in rivers. To second the artificial spawning principle, I propose that no pots or traps shall be permitted in the salt or brack water, so that salmon in their migrations may descend their native streams unmolested; and that where weirs are

positively required, they should be made so as to be easily surmounted."

"After," he continues, "the successful experiments I have myself made, I have no hesitation in saying, that if thinking minds will aid and assist in working out this great practical problem, we may produce and supply an enormous amount of food to our poorer fellow-creatures, at a cheap rate to them, and at very little trouble and cost to ourselves. It is no chimerical good I am advocating: I am plainly, and in true terms, relating a tale of experience, and should be sorry to advance a single assertion which could not be sustained by irrefragable evidence. All the fresh waters of these United Kingdoms, it is not too much to say, are grossly neglected, and the rivers especially are imperfectly understood; but I hope to hear shortly that the broad hints I have given for obviating these evils have aroused the energies of men who are well-wishers to their country, so that they will undertake a work which will be profitable to themselves, and that they will attend more closely to the fisheries in fresh water. In our fisheries, salmon is first in rank; trout the second; grayling follows; and then the coarse fish, pike, perch, carp, tench, roach, and dace, come as a matter of course; these are not to be despised, though light in food in comparison with the first.

"It will be seen that, by this system of artificial spawning, breeding and rearing of fish, depleted rivers running into the sea can be recovered in the short time of two years, and turned to large account. Smaller streams, on the same principles, may be restored with equal certainty, but after a longer term of labour and attention: for four years must elapse before the first brood will be fit to be taken, which time expiring, every fish of that age in the stream will be in good order for the market; but previous to that time they furnish good sport to the angler. At that age the fish, being then about three pounds weight, should be taken out and sent to market, when he is in high perfection, leaving the then forward-coming brood as successors in their place. In fresh-water streams, where the fish do not migrate, no fish should be allowed to attain a greater weight than from three to four pounds, for this reason—as they get larger they consume much more food in proportion to their smaller companions, and keep down the stock by destroying the egg or spawn, as well as the young fry. There is no exception in fish preying upon spawn, if they can get at it; one sort is not one jot less voracious than another—leather-mouthed or sharp-toothed, they are all alike, and are not at all particular whether it is their own production or that of other species: the older a fish gets the more destructive he becomes; and therefore these should be the first to be removed from a fishery, excepting always a few for brood.

"When fisheries are well up, it is advisable to take all the large common fish out by judicious netting, as the food they uselessly consume will then go to support fish of better qualities. I do not allude either to grise or salmon, but decidedly to the smolt, trout, and other good fresh-water fish. Trout require abundance of food all the year round; and this should be furnished by coarse fish, the young of which are the food they like best and thrive upon."

Poems, by a Sempstress. Pp. 66. Mitchell.

THERE is to be a public breakfast in Vauxhall Gardens on Monday, for the benefit of the Distressed Needle-women's Society, at which the Lord Mayor is announced to preside; and recommending such to general sympathy and patronage, induces us now to notice this poetical effusion by one of the order. An elegiac ode to the memory of their effective advocate, the late Thomas Hood, breathes some of his spirit; and all the little poems plead the cause with earnest feeling. We copy one specimen:—

WINTER.
"Come in, my little ones, come in;
Without you must not stay;
You are too thinly clad to bear
The bitter winter day."

"Dear mother, in our room 'tis cold,
Nay, colder than without;
For there, you know, we cannot sport,
And laugh, and jump about."

"Come in, my little ones, come in,
And do as you are told;
I have no cloaks nor comforters,
To shield you from the cold."

"Come to this corner of the room,
We must not make a noise;
What shall we do? we cannot play—
We have no pretty toys."

"But look, the snow is falling, O!
How beautiful to see!
I wish I were a snow-flake, now,
To dance about so free."

"Look up—there is no sky, 'tis all
One whitish dusky cloud;
Look down—the houses and the street
Are covered with a shroud."

Their arms are blue, their faces pinched,
They shrink as they were old;
They cry with pain—their tender feet
Are wounded by the cold.

Or crowding round the scanty fire,
E'en there they shake and shiver;
The wind pours down their backs, as cold
As water from the river.

O, Winter is a dreary time,
That pain and cold doth bring!
"Let's close our eyes a little while,
Perhaps it will be Spring."

"The sun doth shine—the sun doth shine,"
Poor innocents, in vain!
Ye are deceived—and, ere 'tis Spring,
Shall often be again.

Ah, sensible and pretty flowers,
Why are ye thus oppressed;
And not permitted to lie down,
And slumber with the rest?

Literary Chit-Chat; with Miscellaneous Poems and Prose Papers. By D. L. Richardson. 8vo. Madden.

WE have met, in various English and Indian publications, with so many of these productions before, that we cannot distinguish the new (if any) from the old. Yet most of the volume must be new to the majority of readers; and to them we may say, that this is a chatty volume of literary anecdote, belonging to the present day, and to writers either living or recently lost; and that it forms altogether a *mélange* of light reading calculated to amuse the vacant hour.

We observe here and there that the *Literary Gazette* and its Editor are brought on the tapis. We cite a specimen:—

"F.—I know of no poetry of the time that was so popular as L. E. L.'s on its first appearance, and I think popularity a fair criterion of poetical merit. No very bad writer, perhaps, was ever widely popular. The public do not foster dullness.

"H.—L. E. L. was popular amongst certain classes of readers, while the rare powers of Keats and Shelley were ridiculed, and their poetry neglected. L. E. L.'s poetry sold much more rapidly and extensively, not only than that of Keats and Shelley, but than that of Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey.

"F.—The Editor of the *London Literary Gazette*, I recollect, paid a glowing tribute to the merit of L. E. L. 'As far,' he said, 'as his poetical taste and critical judgment enabled him to form an opinion, he could adduce no instance, ancient or modern, of similar talent and excellence.'

"H.—When a writer like L. E. L. is thus characterized in a public literary journal of extensive circulation—when terms of eulogy are lavished on her name, that if applied to the greatest of living poets, would bring the blood into their cheeks—when she is elevated by implication above Homer and Virgil, and Dante and Spenser, and Shakespeare and Milton, it is time indeed for all honest and sober-minded critics to perform their duty, and warn the multitude from listening to such monstrous absurdities.

"F.—If Jerdan went a little too far, we must allow something for the real kindness of his nature, and the influence on his judgment of a personal acquaintance with a poetess of the most amiable character and the most charming manners.

"H.—But this sort of partiality brings all criticism into contempt.

"F.—Depend upon it no critic can make a bad writer popular. He may help one into notice or notoriety, but he cannot make people delight in undelightful verse."

At this distance of time, and in calmer mood for consideration, we still adhere to our canon, here disputed. There was in our verdict no comparison of L. E. L. with the Epic Gods or even Heroes of poetic fame. We were speaking of a girl yet in or hardly out of her teens; and we repeat that there is no instance on record of such talent and excellence. That they had the prodigious effect on the public, and were attended by more popularity than ever crowned any similar productions, is readily accounted for; they spoke in a voice of nature and truth to the affections and passions of humanity, and with all their imperfections in mechanism or construction, or polish or invention, so long as there is Youth in the Land, so long as there are fine feelings, so long as there is a sense of beauties which spring from and enter the heart, and an appreciation of original mind, fancy, and imagination, so long will such compositions as flowed, as it were spontaneously, from this young and gifted being,—true, unsolicited emanations of genius,—meet with their response in the breasts of thousands and tens of thousands, whom all the criticism and hypercriticism in the world cannot persuade into a love or admiration of the pet hobbies of theorists and mathematical measurers of thought and verse. And so it will be to the end.

The Fairfax Correspondence: Memoirs of the Reign of Charles the First. Edited by G. W. Johnson, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. Bentley.

WE have barely time, in our present number, to notice this historical work with the interest and importance of which we were previously acquainted, from having been allowed the gratification of looking through the MSS. in the hands of their late respected possessor at Winchester, (see *L. G.* for several descriptions of them.) The value of the light it throws upon the principal characters and leading events of the civil wars, cannot be over-estimated; and in minor details there is often a liveliness and variety of strange personal adventure, which are equal to the best romance that ever was devised. We are glad to see such a publication towards the end of a dull, unproductive season; and also glad to know that it will not be allowed to close without the addition of some other standard productions to bring it up with *ecclat*.

Vanité Fair, Nos. XIX. and XX. By W. M. Thackeray.

WITH this double number is concluded Mr. Thackeray's animated Pen-and-Pencil Sketches of English (and something, too, of Foreign) Society. An insight into life; a vein of mingled homage to good, and satire upon evil; a faithful, whilst humorously inclined, delineation of character; and an ever varying succession of events, have made this story in its progress a great popular favourite, and will, no doubt, be increased at its close. The winding up is worthy of the antecedent history. Becky's adventures on the continent, and final grand coup, are in the writer's happiest manner; and the fate of the widowed Amelia, and her cavalier servente, the kind-hearted Major Dobbin, is no less ingeniously and naturally consumed. About the most noble Marquis of Steyne, &c., &c., &c., &c., there can be no mistake; nor about his illustrious valet, Fenouil, created Baron Finelli; nor Madame de Belladonna, his last mistress; doomed to everlasting fame as models of vice. Jos Sedley takes a similar rank for folly; and the Crawley family are disposed of agreeably to truth and the artistic rules of the Novel Art. The Showman drops the curtain in a skilful and an able style; and *Vanité Fair*, with its puppet lessons and amusing traits, teaches much that may benefit humanity amid the laugh and entertainment it offers to every beholder. We are glad to see the author, encouraged by success, announce *Pendennis, a monthly Tale; and The Great Hoggarty Diamond*. But what that is to be we

know not. Something worth reading we will be bound.

The Irish Movement. By W. H. Maxwell, Esq. Pp. 66. Baily Brothers.

THE tranchant style of the author of the *Irish Rebellion* of 1798 is well known to the public; but, pre-eminent in personal and political animadversion, we must say, that such a slashing pamphlet as this has never (that we can remember) come under our cognizance. A Red Indian with a tomahawk, or a mad Brahmin running a-muck, are babies to Mr. Maxwell; and as the subject is not of our class, we can only say, that there is not a reader of any party who could resist the animation, vigour, talent, and unmerciful onslaught of this specimen of "Advice to Patriots and Pikemen!" For vituperation, it is Junius out-Juniused!!

The Wisdom of the Rambler, Adventurer, and Idler. Longmans.

AN excellent selection from Dr. Johnson's writings, and a better volume could not be placed in the hands of young or old. Under such names as indicate only the lightest and loosest of literature, they will here find the *Rambler* most firmly settled in the broadest principles of virtue, the *Adventurer* perfectly at home in all that is useful and good, and the *Idler* the most industrious teacher of the true road to happiness that ever took it in hand to point the way. The wisdom of the sage pervades the whole.

The Powers and Duties of Special Constables. By E. W. Cox, Barrister.

Is a resumé of the powers, privileges, and duties, of that numerous class of respectable citizens, to whom so much is the due for the repression of evil designs and the preservation of the public peace. Happy for the country where some thousand constables' staves in the hands of the middle classes—who, however pressed by circumstances, have something at stake—suffice to save it from the bloody execution of barricades and artillery.

A Map of the Theatre of War in Italy. Wyld. We know of nothing more wanted than such a map as this to enable us to trace the operations of the Italian war, on the Adige and Mincio. Of the movements reported almost daily we had only confused notions, whilst consulting the common maps; but the present makes the whole clear, and is an excellent and necessary companion to the Austrian and Lombard bulletins.

Home for the Holidays. Cundall. Bogue. The editor of the *Playmate*, calling in the clever illustrations of Kenny Meadows, has here produced a little piece of holiday literature and art, which cannot fail to delight the young people now at home for midsummer enjoyments. It is quite the thing for them and their sports and amusements.

Mr. Burns has issued a pretty little library of illustrated romances. *The Eagle and the Lion*, by the author of *Undine—The Shadowless Man—Undine—the Unknown Patient—Aslauga's Knight*, and one or two others, court, in this cheap form, the imaginative faculties of the young.

Sims and McIntyre's last *Parlour Library* is Grattan's popular tale of *Highways and Byeways*.

C. Knight, for his *Monthly Volume*, has very well timed a new edition of *The History of Secret Societies of the Middle Ages*, two parts, by which a light is thrown upon all such associations, however modified by time and circumstances. The conspiracies and combination of our own day are but varieties of elder exemplars.

Darton and Co. have published two small books of merit for juvenile readers. *Take Care of Number One* is a good and well-told moral lesson; and the *Childhood of Mary Leeson*, by Mary Howitt, a truthful exposition of youthful feelings, acts, and consequences.

Sylvan's *Pictorial Handbook to the Scenery of the Caledonian Canal and Pictorial Handbook to the Land of Burns*, will be found useful and pleasant companions to any Scottish tourist who visits these localities.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

THE local Finance Committee calling upon the nobility, clergy, magistrates, and inhabitants of the principality who intend to contribute to the fund for defraying the expenses of receiving the British Association at Swansea, to send in their names to the local treasurer, advertise promised subscriptions to the amount of 500*l*. This, together with the vote of the Corporation previously announced by us, already presents a goodly "tottle" for the local fund. Amongst the subscribers we find the borough member, Mr. Vivian, for 100*l*.; the county member, Mr. Talbot, for 100*l*.; the Mayor of Swansea, for 50*l*.; the Earl of Cawdor and Mr. Dilwyn, 25*l*. each; Messrs. H. Gwyn, W. R. Grove, and the Messrs. Chambers (Llanelli House), 20*l*. respectively; the Bishops of St. David's and of Llandaff, and others, for tens, fives, and smaller sums. We hear, moreover, that the offers of entertainment by private individuals are so liberal that the local committee have thought it right to declare that sleeping accommodation would only be accepted by members breakfasting and dining at the ordinaries. This may be proper to a certain extent, but we trust that true Welsh hospitality will not be too much suppressed by such preliminary notices. We have known former meetings go off flatly and coldly from a similar check to social and friendly intercourse.

DIAMAGNETISM.

In a letter (Bonn, June 5th.) to Mr. Faraday,* M. Plucker asserts *diamagnetic polarity* to be now placed beyond doubt. "You will find," he says, "among others, the curious fact, that the intensity of the diamagnetic force increases more rapidly when the force of the electro-magnets is increased than that of the magnetic force. The increase of the force of the electro-magnet imparts to a piece of charcoal, having first the position of a magnetic body, that of a diamagnetic body. I have subsequently proved this law in different ways. The following experiment is striking. If by means of a counterpoise, any body containing at the same time magnetic and diamagnetic substances (for instance, mercury in a brass vessel, this last being magnetic) is held in equilibrium, this body is repelled by the magnet when brought near it, and attracted when it is removed. I have devised a method which allows of my comparing exactly the intensity of the diamagnetism of the different bodies, solid and liquid, and at the same time I arrived at a number of curious results concerning magnetic induction, and especially the relation between the chemical constitution of bodies and their magnetism. The difficulty of obtaining chemically pure substances presented the greatest obstacles. Thus, for example, $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of protoxide of iron mixed with a mass of peroxide, ought at least to double the magnetism. The magnetism of the oxides is increased by the acids which unite with them to form salts. Supposing the magnetism of the iron = 100,000, I find that of a similar weight of oxide of nickel (Ni) equal to 35, that of the same oxide in the state of hydrate ($\text{Ni} + \text{H}$) equal to 142. The yellow ferrocyanide of potash is diamagnetic; the red ferridcyanide, on the contrary (whether in crystal or in powder, or in solution), is decidedly magnetic. [A crystal of this last salt shows very clearly the repulsion of the optical axes by the magnet; without paying attention to it one might easily take it for a diamagnetic body, &c.] I have examined equally the influence of heat. For mercury, sulphur, stearine, I have not observed the least difference, either at a high or low temperature, whether in the liquid or solid state. But bismuth gave very different results. In one of my experiments, it required, at the ordinary temperature, 1.67 gramme to counterbalance the diamagnetic repulsion of a mass of 144 grammes. At an elevated temperature, 0.28 grm., that is to say, nearly a sixth, was necessary for this. I see in this a new analogy between magnetism and diamagnetism.

* *Phil. Mag.*, July.

They both diminish if the temperature augments, &c. It appears, moreover, that the diamagnetism of bismuth has its limit (its minimum) like the magnetism of iron and of nickel, &c.

THE MOUNDS OF WESTERN AMERICA.

At a meeting of the Association of American Geologists, &c., at Boston, some time since, Mr. E. G. Squier read a paper on the Fossils, Minerals, Organic Remains, &c., found in the Mounds of the West, which seems to afford more and later particulars respecting these interesting objects than we have hitherto received. We copy the following account from the *Boston Mercantile Journal*:—

"The tumuli or mounds of the Ohio valley are clearly distinguished from each other by position, structure, and contents. Some are deemed sepulchral; others are connected with the superstitions of the builders; others still, the sites of ancient structures, or in some way connected with the military system of the ancient people. The sepulchral mounds stand isolated or in groups, apart from other works; those which are deemed sacred, are found alone within the enclosures. It is this class which appear stratified. They are considerably less in size than the other varieties, and are formed of alternate layers of loam and sand or gravel. The first or outer layer consists of coarse gravel, pebbles, and water-worn stones; the second of loam, of variable thickness, alternating with thin strata of fine sand. These layers are all clearly defined, but their arrangement is not uniform. Sometimes there is but a single layer of sand, while occasionally there are as many as six. Pits or excavations, at times broad and deep, almost invariably accompany these works. It is from them that the materials were taken for their construction.

"A peculiar feature of the mounds is that they almost invariably cover altars of burned clay or stone. The altars are generally round, always symmetrical, and occasionally of great size. One has been discovered sixty feet long by twelve broad, covered with remains of ancient art.

"Trees growing upon the works show that their origin must date back a long period; the forests that cover them being in no way distinguishable from the other forests. The same varieties of trees are found in the same proportions; and they have a like primitive aspect.

"Within the mounds are found implements, ornaments, sculptures, &c. &c., composed of materials generally foreign to the region in which they are discovered, and often exceedingly rare and beautiful. Obsidian, a volcanic product, is found in mounds on the alluvions of the Ohio. The nearest place where it is known to exist in abundance is Central Mexico, the ancient inhabitants of which country applied it to the very purposes for which it was used by the race of the mounds.

"In these mounds are discovered native silver and copper from the shores of Lake Superior, pearls and shells from the Southern Gulf, obsidian, probably from the volcanic ridges of Mexico, mica from the primitive ranges of the Atlantic coast, galena from the upper, and fossil teeth from the tertiary deposits of the lower Mississippi, besides numberless other remains.

"Silver and copper are the only metals which have been developed from the depositions. The ore of lead is quite abundant, and lead, under circumstances implying a knowledge of its use on the part of the ancient people. No iron or trace of iron has been discovered except in the late deposits; and it is certain that the ancient people were wholly unacquainted with its use.

"The implements and ornaments are more generally made of stone, and they wrought the rarest minerals with great skill. The lance-heads and cutting implements were generally made of quartz, some of them from the pure limpid crystals of this mineral, and some from obsidian. From one altar were taken several bushels of finely wrought spear-heads of milky quartz, nearly all of which had been broken up by the fire. In another altar a slight excavation disclosed upwards of 600 spear-heads.

general building is oak, but the carved and moulded portions are of chestnut. The only way of accounting for the profusion of the latter in old edifices is, that it must have been imported for superior work, as mahogany and other woods are now; and this hall, with its high narrow windows, carved braces, projecting corbel heads, pendants and screen, must have been, though not a large, (about 19 by 18 feet,) still an imposing adjunct to the mansion of a merchant. Whether halls of this description, forming a portion of merchants' houses, were of frequent occurrence in those days, there are not now materials enough left to ascertain, and only one or two instances are upon record. Crosby-hall, Bishopsgate, London, affords a splendid specimen of this kind of attachment, although little more is known of its builder, Sir John Crosby, than that he was an affluent merchant and dealer in wool; and the author of *Proslutiones Historice* presents us with a second instance, discovered some years back in Salisbury, which was then restored and fitted up as a china shop. This was clearly ascertained to have been built some time after 1467, by John Hall, who was four times mayor of that city, a wealthy merchant of the staple, and a dealer in wool also; and these two halls, though varying in size and detail, were erected within a period of ten years, and it is probable that the owners and builders, living at the same time, and both being merchants of the staple and dealers in wool, were known to each other; and, as Saffron Walden was then a place where wool-combing was carried on to a great extent, it is not impossible that our host of the "Iron Crown" might have been personally known to his London and Salisbury contemporaries, and followed their example in erecting a private merchant's banqueting-hall, but of the exact date of his existence or his name, there is nothing left to tell.

This discovery naturally attracted many of the curious to the spot, and while some of the admirers of the works of past ages were deliberating upon the means of restoring this relic of the ancient grandeur of their town, the hand of the Goth was at work, sheltering himself under a silly clause appended to the conditions of its recent sale, and in the absence of the purchasers, and well-meaning gentlemen who were endeavouring to save it and convert it into a committee-room for the savings'-bank, actually saved off the carved heads, as much to their regret, as if a like dilapidation had befallen the perpetrator of this piece of vandalism.

It is fortunate that, before the spoliation, a good drawing was made by an able artist, Mr. Youngman.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Thursday.—Medico-Botanical, 8 p.m.

Friday.—Archæological Association, 8½ p.m.—Adjournment.

FINE ARTS.

THE PROCLAMATION OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

A LARGE and able historical picture of this memorable scene, painted within a month by M. Phillipeaux, (and we presume some assistants), is now exhibiting in Piccadilly, and does more credit to French art than any Parisian performance we have seen for a long while. The entire composition is effective; and yet the eye is at once conducted to the principal action in the centre, where the tri-colour is being hoisted, and the Republic proclaimed by De la Martine, surrounded by his fellow-ministers, whose portraits are said to be excellent likenesses—and one of them, by the by, very like the late Dan. O'Connell, whilst one of the spectators in the background bears accidentally a curious resemblance to Prince Albert. Marrast, Ledru Rollin, Flocon, Louis Blanc, Arago, &c., are executed with characteristic skill; and the mob or multitude are engaged in various striking ways. Some are bringing back the plate, &c., plundered from the Tuilleries; others have ministered summary death to the robbers; the pavement is torn up; groups of National Guards, and other classes, are disposed in suitable excitement; a female, in a cap of liberty,

riding a white horse, is a prominent object on the left, and the whole canvas, in fact, is covered with energetic motion. That dream has for the present gone by, but such a representation as this is of national, lasting, and universal interest. The colouring in general is good, and several of the groups are exceedingly clever and expressive studies. Altogether the work will well reward the trouble of a visit, and be for the rest of the season an attractive sight among the exhibitions of London.

MR. WYON'S MEDAL FOR THE HUMANE SOCIETY.

I HAVE before me two medals of the London Humane Society, and given by them to those who have rescued a fellow mortal from a watery death. The first was engraved by Lewis Pingo, Esquire. The execution is in the usual low, poor style of English medals of the early part of George the Third's reign, but the *Idea* is exquisitely beautiful; and as Dr. Fothergill founded the medal, I am, in the absence of any other proof to the contrary, inclined to give him the credit of composing it, and illustrating the aim and object of the Society, by a design at once so strictly physically true, and so poetically happy—a boy holding in his right hand an apparently extinct torch, on which, while he shelters it with his left, he is gently directing his breath, and endeavouring to rekindle the perhaps suspended flame of existence. The motto, corresponding to the action, is "*Lateat Scintilla Forsan*," (a small spark may lurk unseen,) combining the inciting hope and action. This is one of the most beautiful and appropriate compositions that medals afford us. It has inscribed on its reverse, within a wreath of oak,

MR. WM. BOYCE

RESTORED

RT. HUNTLEY,

JUNE 27TH, 1780.

and without the wreath, "*Hoc Pretium Cive Servato Tuli*," (this reward was obtained by saving a citizen.) The dies, which were probably engraved in 1774, when the Society was founded, being worn out, our present chief engraver of her Majesty's mint, Mr. William Wyon, R.A., was commissioned to engrave a new pair, from which the present medals are struck. The obverse presents the same design of the boy and the torch, but how differently treated!—the actuality of living human nature—the intensity and concentration of an acting and benevolent soul. Admire the fulness and the roundness of the general figure, the truth of the outlines, and the delicacy of the finer and minute markings,—the upraised hand of protection, to guard the reviving, flickering indication of returning life; and the bent head, breathing lips, and the intent, earnest, anxious eye and countenance; and you have the Society before you in all its thoughtful, judicious, benevolent intentions and performance. To ward off misery from the domestic hearth; to prolong a period of usefulness to the worthy; and to give to those who may be sadly unprepared for our final change all opportunity of redeeming the past, more forcibly impressed upon the soul by this unexpected return from the very threshold of eternity!

On the reverse, instead of the literally barren, worn-out wreath, Mr. Wyon has put forth one of his own designs equally splendid in execution, conception, and composition; and, carrying out the spirit of the Humane Society, from the still waters of the London parks, to the dread fury of the angry ocean; from the cramp, which, like the water-sprite of the dark ages, drags down its victim to the depths below—or, the treacherous ice, which, assuming a body that has surface but not substance, like the *Ignis Fatuus* of the marsh, lures on the thoughtless and the daring, only to sink them in the gulph so thinly skinned over and concealed—from these home scenes Mr. Wyon has launched us on the boundless waste of waters, where nature expands before us all her immensity, and warns us of all her power; and enters into no promise of favour, nor gives assurance of any protection from wrath; and man accepts the challenge, and traverses the angry surge, in the proud reliance on his own energies and science, and boldly,

and in most cases successfully, surmounts the perils of both winds and waves. But all man's powers have a limit, while those of nature know none; and our minds are yet sad, and our ears yet tingle with the relation of the recent awful scene of one of our finest ships—a noble specimen of man's labour and ingenuity, gaily moving onwards to her destination, and seemingly instinct with life as with motion—suddenly arrested in her progress, and in one brief hour her powerful bulwarks and her lofty masts were torn asunder and to pieces; and shivered into splintery atoms, were floating like feathers on the stormy ocean, the alone remaining mementos of what had occurred—her cargo and her crew alike engulfed beneath its waves.

From such a catastrophe Mr. Wyon has selected a consequent scene. On a raft put together with some of the remnants of a wreck, three of her crew are drifting at the mercy of the shifting winds and contending waters, suffering from exposure to the elements, and the want of food and clothing. The centre figure, sitting in profile, apparently the father, is holding fast with both hands the recumbent, extended, and senseless, if not dead, form of a younger person, probably his son; while the third, in utter exhaustion, clinging to the father, his head resting the parent's shoulder, whose eye and mind are strainingly occupied in watching an approaching boat, if successful—the angel of rescue and deliverance! This is the agonizing period of suspense. The raft is roughly beaten by waves that threatened to wash off its exhausted passengers, and a swell on the boat seems equally likely to swamp it and its heroic crew, whose anxiety to reach the sufferers sees no obstacles and fears no dangers. Their brother shipmates are in danger, and they *will* rescue them; and while we shout *hurrah* to their resolve, we feel assured that they will successfully accomplish the deed of mercy in the resolution and self-devotion of a sailor spirit.

These thoughts will suggest themselves to every one, in attentively contemplating this masterly representation of passive suffering and noble exertion; but to the artist it adds the additional attraction of beauty of composition in the varied and graceful arrangement of the figures on the raft. The suffering, yet patient expression of countenance in the outstretched boy; the sinking powerlessness of the furthestmost sailor; the calculating agony of eye, the open, breathless lips of the father, to whom hope seems only mockingly to appear, as darkly deepening despair. The perspective is also admirable; and the life and energy of the distant boat's crew seem fairly to force their bark through the vainly-opposing waters; while to those to whom the anatomy of the human frame is familiar, the different positions of the persons on the raft, who are seen front, back, and sideways, will enable them to appreciate Mr. Wyon's quiet yet perfect representation of nature, in all her exquisite and beautiful details.

R. S.

Cork, February, 1848.

The Drunkard's Children; a Sequel to the Bottle.

By George Cruikshank. Bogue.

THE terrible lesson of *The Bottle*, presenting passages of the deepest tragic art, and enforcing the precepts of Father Mathew in a manner never to be effaced or forgotten, is here followed up in eight other plates, exhibiting the sad fate of the Drunkard's son and daughter; juvenile delinquents brought up in vice, and left destitute upon the town, to the inevitable lot of crime and misery. What an argument for the petition to Government to provide asylums for such unfortunate creatures, and save those who cannot save themselves, from sin and shame and destruction! The first print is the ruinous Gin Shop, into which the victims are readily led by the wretches who live upon the vices of those they seduce and betray: it is a fearful scene of truly Hogarthian character and power in every individual and action represented, through child-poisoning and youthful impudence and drunken imbecility to mature villany, "wide awake" to every criminal offence, and dotard age, sinking beneath a finished course of unrepented intoxication. The next

move is to the dirty beer-shop and gambling—another phase of wretched depravity,—where a Derby sweep is up for lottery, and *Lloyd's Weekly London Newspaper* lying on the beastly floor. The third exposes another of the gross corruptions, though only recently introduced resorts of the metropolis. The boy is already a thief and a gambler; and now the girl appears in the dancing-room, where *les poses plastiques* are seen every evening before *le bal*; and a grand masquerade is announced for Monday next, "Admission, Gents 6d., Ladies 3d." The actors, costume, and accessories in this plate are admirably true to the rascality and lowest baseness of London. But the fatal results ensue. The Drunkard's son is arrested in a threepenny lodging-house for a desperate robbery, Plate IV.; a Tale of Terror! Plate V., is an admirable picture of an Old Bailey trial; and the next the sentence of transportation for life, and the daughter to imprisonment as implicated in the crime. They part for ever in this world. The last two of the series are most affecting, most appalling. The wretched convict, destroyed by early dissipation, droops and dies; a pitying gaoler closes his eyes, and his meagre hands are clasped as if his last act had been repentant prayer; and the sorrowful chaplain is passing to another miserable couch, where a living object yet claims his pious care. In the final scene, the homeless, gin-mad girl commits self-murder, by throwing herself from the bridge into the Thames,—a frightful example of agony and despair. Such is a faint outline of these extraordinary embodiments of that guilt which is, alas! too prevalent in the rich capital of the British empire. Easy is the descent to the hell; the return all but impossible. Let us hope that some remedy may be applied to the consuming pestilence. Let us hope that prevention will be tried, instead of punishment and vengeance. At all events, the public owe a debt of gratitude to the artist, for showing them how the aptitude for evil is grafted on childhood and ignorance by bad example, and what are the places where it is nurtured into atrocity. And in this task he has been congenially aided by Dr. Mackay, who has written some touching poetry to accompany both works, *The Bottle*, and *The Drunkard's Children*.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

FRANCE.

AFTER four days of the most cruel anxiety you can imagine, during which civilization has been in the utmost peril, we breathe afresh. The details of the sanguinary and savage war that has raged in Paris during that most unhappy period, I will not sully my paper in giving you. They will come but too soon to the knowledge of Europe, and will cause the name of Frenchman to be execrated. The revolted were in number between forty and fifty thousand, well armed, with plenty of munition, having even guns (cannons) behind some of their barricades (being as so many fortresses erected in the most intelligent manner), at the foot of which thousands and thousands have sacrificed their lives. One single battalion of Mobiles, of 1000 men, boys from seventeen to twenty years old, lost 800 in one of those tremendous assaults where no quarter was given. The number of friends and acquaintances I have lost is very great. The National Guard and army mustered about 120,000 men, but fighting under the greatest disadvantage possible. They were exposed to the fire of the insurgents, who fought from behind their barricades, from the windows and roofs of houses, as well as from the cellar-holes; their shots having been poisoned or bored and transpierced by nails, very few of the wounded will survive. The courage displayed by the National Guard and the army—by men of the most exalted sphere, as well as by the inferior ranks of citizens—by men the most advanced in years, as well as by mere youths, is incredible. Thanks be to them! It is to their valour that France exists again as a nation. If these ruffians had got uppermost, Paris would have been pillaged, and then destroyed by fire; and the same scenes would have prevailed in all the principal towns of France. Was I not right in telling you that the Mobiles would be

our best troops? and yet they are from less than sixteen to twenty years of age. It seems that about half their number have been slain. In my opinion, as well as in that of the National Guard of Paris, there is hardly a doubt but that Ledru Rollin and Lamartine were at the bottom of all this; or, at the very least, knowing that the revolt was to take place, they did nothing to oppose it. They knew how unpopular they were, and that their days of power were numbered; and, perhaps, they hoped to remain afloat after the torrent had passed. But we trust that the new Government will do its duty towards the nation; and that if proofs can be obtained of their crime, they will be punished. We have now, for the first time since February, a Government. General Cavaignac, General Lamoricière, General Bedeau, and M. Senard, are men of courage and understanding, and united in the same principles. M. Marie, although a member of the late *Commission Administrative*, is a good choice, also, as President of the *Assemblée Nationale*. These men, supported as they will be by the great majority of the house, can do all they please. But how long will they last? This is a tremendous question. They have sent for Marshal Bugeaud. What to make of him I know not. Perhaps the commander-in-chief of the camp about to be organised near Paris. General Changarnier is likely, also, to be the commander of the National Guard. You see that we are going to be ruled by the sword. But a thousand times the sword rather than anarchy. Large bodies of National Guards marched from every town, from every village, for the succour of Paris; but they were mostly stopped on the road, and made to go back by contrary orders, from fear of famishing the capital. We are all soldiers, and completely equipped; so that if the ruffians had been masters of Paris, all would not have been over, and a general civil war would have ensued. General orders have been given for disarming all the National Guards that have not done their duty, all the lower classes in manufacturing districts where disturbances have taken place—in fact, for measures the very reverse of what the criminal government we have supported during four months had made. The death of General Nègre is a very great loss. His body will arrive in Lille this very afternoon. Out of ten general officers who commanded in Paris, seven were killed or wounded. The unhappy affray that took place in the "Place du Carrousel," whilst a party of National Guards were conducting prisoners, cost the lives of more than a hundred people. But enough of this sad subject.

I receive very contradictory information as to the present state of England. Some say that your manufacturing districts are very active—some, that they have nothing to do. Which is the truth? May God preserve you from the calamity we are in; and out of which I do not know how we shall escape. It was not enough for me to have seen the revolutions of Naples, Florence, and Rome. Ours was to be the *bouquet*!

July 1st, 1848.

NOTES FROM ABROAD.

Germany.—Our private letters from various parts of Germany give a melancholy picture, both present and prospective, of literature and the fine arts, and of the baneful effects of revolution and anarchy in crushing every nobler aspiration. The free press, which looked so bright and fair at a distance, and which imagination surrounded with a glowing halo, has produced nothing but a number of pamphlets on the defence of Germany; on the rights of kings, and the rights of the people; on union and disunion; on governments and popular demonstrations; and, to crown all, a series of profane and licentious publications, of which every right-minded man is ashamed. With regard to the fine arts, the easel and the chisel are thrown aside in utter despair, and both the artist and the sculptor shoulder the musket and handle the sword—not to oppose a foreign foe, but as brother against brother.

Jean Van Eyck.—The Belgian Government has just purchased Jean Van Eyck's celebrated "Adoration of the Magi," for the Royal Museum.

The March of Intellect.—The German farmers have protested against electric telegraphs in several of the journals of that country. Their protest runs—"We, the inhabitants of Cadenburg, have once and again protested against the transit of the electric wires through our lands, because they are injurious to our lives and property, and pernicious to our crops. Our just indignation and anger has, however, been roused by the procedure of certain ignorant and malicious persons, who have circulated a number of printed papers, in which they represent the whole affair in a false and distorted light; and even presume to call us, the enlightened inhabitants of the country, who, by daily contemplating the laws of nature, have obtained a clear and correct insight into their principles, *stupid and superstitious*; and, moreover, sneer at and ridicule that which, in the eyes of the agriculturist, is a question of life and death. This mode of procedure has, we repeat it, enraged and exasperated the most placid and inoffensive men among us. Therefore, in full recognition of our rights, and in just appreciation of what is due to us, we have resolved that we never will permit any person whatsoever to draw electric telegraph wires across our fields and plantations. As deputies of the 500 inhabitants of Cadenburg, we subjoin our names hereunto."

"Cadenburg, June 15, 1848."

(Here follow the signatures.)

"On the 16th, the agriculturists in the vicinity held a meeting, and resolved unanimously to enter a protest against the introduction of telegraph lines, which will be supported by the farmers of Campe, Agathenburg, Dollern, &c., &c."

Lapis-Lazuli.—The Petersburg Academy of Sciences has published the following particulars relative to Lapis-Lazuli and Mica:—"Both these minerals are found in the vicinity of Lake Baikal, especially in the river Hindianka, and in all the rivers which fall from Mount Khamardaban. Mineralogists have not, however, yet succeeded in finding the flow of the Lapis-Lazuli, notwithstanding the minute researches which have been made in divers points of these localities. Mr. Moor, the mineralogist, who spent two summers on the banks of the Hindianka, succeeded only in discovering the flow of Glaucolithe, or calcareous blue spath, and every attempt since made to ascertain the place of the formation of the Lapis-Lazuli has been unsuccessful. The natives affirm that this precious stone is met with after the heavy rains have washed down the pebbles found in the bed of the rivers. With regard to Mica, it is found in great abundance in the neighbourhood of Hindianka, even with the ground, in the form of not very thick flakes, lying upon a bed of soft clay, as if it had been deposited upon it. The inhabitants frequently resort to these places to carry off the Mica, which they put into their window-frames in place of glass."

ORIGINAL,

AND CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

MY DEAR SIR,—In accordance with my promise, I herewith hand you the traditional border-song of "Jack and Tom," likewise the "Pace-Egger's Chanson" as sung in Westmoreland and the county of Lancaster, for insertion in the *Literary Gazette*, and am,

Yours, most truly,
M. A.

JACK AND TOM: AN OLD BORDER-DITTEE.

(Taken down from Recitation, 1847.)

I'm a north country-man, in Rededale born,
Where our land lies lea, and grows ne corn,—
And such two lads to my house never com,
As them two lads called Jack and Tom!
Now, Jack and Tom, they're going to the sea;
I wish them both in good company!
They're going to seek their fortunes ayont the wide sea,
Far, far away frae their own country!
They mounted their horses, and rode over the moor.
Till they came to a house, when they rapped at the door
And out came Jockey, the hostler-man.
"D'ye brew any ale? D'ye sell any beer?
Or have ye any lodgings for stranger here?"

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"Ne, we brew ne ale, nor we sell ne beer,
Nor we have ne lodgings for strangers here."
So he bolted the door, and bade them begone,
For there was ne lodgings there for poor Jack and Tom.

They mounted their horses, and rode over the plain;
Dark was the night, and down fell the rain;
Till a twinkling light they happened to spy,
And a castle and a house they were close by.

They rode up to the house, and they rapped at the door,
And out came Jockey, the hostler.
"D'ye brew any ale? D'ye sell any beer?
Or have ye any lodgings for strangers here?"

"Yes, we have brew'd ale this fifty lang year,
And we have got lodgings for strangers here."
So the roasts to the fire, and the pot hung on,
'Twas all to accommodate poor Jack and Tom.

When supper was over, and all was sided down,
The glasses of wine did go merrily round.
"Here is to thee, Jack, and here is to thee,
And all the bonny lasses in our countrie!"

"Here is to thee, Tom, and here is to thee,
And look they may leuk for thee and me!"
'Twas early next morning, before the break of day,
They mounted their horses, and so they rode away.

Poor Jack, he died upon a far foreign shore,
And Tom, he was never heard of more!

THE PACE-EGGER'S SONG.

(Taken down from Recitation, Easter, 1845.)

Enter First Boy, and sings:

Here's two or three jolly boys, all in one mind;
We have come a pace-egging, and hope you'll prove kind;
I hope you'll prove kind, with your eggs and strong beer,
And we'll come no more near you until the next year.
Fal-da-ra, fal-da-ra, fal-da-riddle, iddle-li-da.

Some modern verses about Nelson and Collingwood are introduced, and then

Enter Old Toss-Pot, First Boy, &c.

The next that comes in is old Toss-Pot, you see;
He's a valiant old blade for his age and degree!
He's a valiant old man, and he wears a pig-tail;
And all his delight is in drinking old ale!

Here Toss-Pot takes a hearty swig out of an old pewter-quart, the effects of which make him stagger, and if he can tumble over half-a-dozen of the urelins who follow, it creates a laughing chorus among the lookers-on.

Enter MISER, dressed as an old ragged woman, with her face blacked. First Boy, &c.

An old Miser's the next, that comes in with her bags,
Who, for fear of her money, wears her old dirty rags;
Whatever you give us, we claim as our right!
If you'll give aught, we'll take aught, farwell, and good night!

Sung by the whole Dramatis Personae.

Now, ye ladies and gentlemen, who sit by the fire,
Put your hands in your pockets—that's all we desire.
Put your hand in your pocket, and pull out your purse,
And give us a trifle—you'll not be much worse.
Fal-da-ra, &c.

Mr. Dixon, in his "Ancient Poems, Songs, and Ballads," printed for the Percy Society, gives a Yorkshire version of the above, which he calls the "Masker's Song."

GENERAL ADAGES, PROVERBS, ETC., ON THE SEASONS, WEATHERS, AND AGRICULTURAL PURSUITS.

The field hath eyen, and y^e woode hath eeres.—(Chaucer's Knight's Tale.)

A rainbow at noon, will bring rain very soon.
He that would have a bad day, may go out in a fog after a frost.

Clear in the south beguiled the cadger.
What Friday gets it keeps.

Buchanan's almanack—lang flog, lang fair.
He who would reap must sow.

The north-east wind first gathereth up the clouds, and then puffs them abroad again.

The laurel and the bay tree ceaseth not to be green both summer and winter.

When the sun shineth the clouds vanish.
The higher the sun, the greater the heat.

Calm weather continueth not long without a storm.
Thunder hath a great clap, but a little stoinie.

In lopping and felling save edder and stake,
Thine hedges as needeth to mend, or to make.

A far off brough,
Is a storm near enough.

* This gives one leave to infer that they were escaping from the consequences of some blood-stained border-foray.

A northern har,
Brings drought from far.

Who eateth his veale, pig, and lamb being froth,
Shall twice in the weeke go to bed without broth.

Few after-crop much,
But noddies and such.

When the wind's in the west,
It suits the farmer best.

'Tilther man's guise,
Is never to bed,
And never to rise.—(Craven, Yorkshire.)

When the clouds go up in soaps,
They will come down in drops.

When ye spy henscrats and filly-tails,
Be sure ye mind to lower your topsails.
(Henscrats and filly-tails, are clouds of a peculiar formation.)

Henscrats and filly-tails,
Make lofty ships wear low sails.—(Varia.)

Wheat in Suffolk,
Is good for poor folk.

Snail, snail, put out your horn,
And tell us if it'll be a fine day to-morn.

When t' wind's in t' north,
We have to sup hot-scalding broth:

When t' wind's in t' south,
It's muck up to t' mouth.—(Yorkshire.)

The times are changed, and even we,
Seem changed with the times to be.

Every day a shower of rain,
And on a Sunday twain.

THE PROPERTIES OF THE WIND IN SUMMER.

"The south, with his showers, refresheth ye come;
The west, to ye flowers, may not be forborne."

Tusser's Good Husbandrie. Lond. 1573.

B. P. July, 1848.

M. A. D.

BIOGRAPHY.

THE LATE CHARLES HATCHETT, ESQ., OF CHELSEA.

[We are obliged to the historian of Chelsea, &c., for the following notes, which must possess much interest for the numerous friends of the deceased.]

THE capital mansion called Belle Vue House, was built by the late Mr. Hatchett's father, and the weeping willow which stands opposite the house, reckoned one of the finest trees of its kind in England, was planted by him in 1776. The house commands beautiful views of the Thames and the distant Surrey hills. Mr. Hatchett died on February 10th, 1847, and was buried in Upton Churchyard, Bucks, by his particular desire, near the body of his father. This house was fitted up with much taste, and abounded with a large collection of objects of virtu.* Here was a small collection of pictures, amongst which were two landscapes by Salvator Rosa; a Madonna and Child, by Andrea del Sarto; a beautiful small Landscape, by Von Goen; and a large one by the late G. Barrett, R.A., with Cattle, by the elder Mr. Gilpin; a fine Portrait of Mrs. Hatchett, by Gainsborough; and a very remarkable picture, supposed to be by Giovanni Bellini—a Dead Christ and Holy Family.

The library was extensive, and contained many valuable editions of the Greek and Latin classics, together with a numerous series of historical works, and the voluminous "Transactions" and "Memoirs" of the Royal Society, and other similar learned institutions of Europe.

The collection of manuscript and printed music was also very considerable, and contained many scarce works of Carissimi, Palestrina, Caldara, Purcell, Handel, Leo, Marcello, Pergolesi, Jomelli, Haydn, Mozart, and most of the eminent composers now living. A large organ built by Green, a very fine-toned instrument.

In the library were some curious Mongul idols of gilt bronze, which were collected by Mr. Hatchett's intimate friend, the late celebrated Professor Pallas, during his travels undertaken at the request of the Empress Catherine the Second of Russia. The most remarkable of these idols is one of the Dalai-Lama, of Thibet, and also the idol Dshaudshinniini, or Taki-Moreni.

Mr. Hatchett was a chemist of great talent and experience, and the following is presumed to be a

* See Faulkner's History of Chelsea, vol. i. p. 89.

complete list of his philosophical and chemical publications:—

1. An Analysis of the Corinthian Molybdate of Lead; with Experiments on the Molybdic Acid. To which are added some Experiments and Observations on the Decomposition of the Sulphate of Ammonia.—Phil. Trans. 1790.

2. Observations on Bituminous Substances, with a description of the varieties of the Elastic Bitumen.—Transactions of the Linnean Society, 1798.

3. An Analysis of the Earthy Substance from New South Wales, called Sydneia, or Terra Australis.

4. An Analysis of the Water of the Mere of Diss.—Phil. Trans. 1798.

5. Experiments and Observations on Shell and Stone.—Phil. Trans. 1799.

6. Chemical Experiments on Zoophytes; with some Observations on the component parts of Membrane.—Phil. Trans. 1800.

7. An Analysis of a Mineral Substance from North America, containing a Metal hitherto unknown; the Metal is called Columbium.—Phil. Trans. 1802.

8. On the utility of Prussiate of Copper as a Pigment. Also, on the mild Muriate of Mercury, or Calomel of Thibet.—Journal of the Royal Institution of Great Britain. Vol. 1, 8vo, 1802.

9. Experiments and Observations on the various Alloys, on the Specific Gravity, and on the Comparative Wear of Gold; being the substance of a Report made to the Right Honourable the Lords of the Committee of Privy Council, appointed to take into consideration the state of the Coins of this Kingdom, and the present Establishment and Constitution of his Majesty's Mint. These Experiments were made at the request of the Committee of Privy Council.—Phil. Trans. 1803.

10. Analysis of a triple Sulphuret of Lead, Antimony, and Copper, from Cornwall.

11. Analytical Experiments and Observations on Lac.

12. An Analysis of the Magnetical Pyrites, with Remarks on some of the other Sulphurets of Iron.

13. Observations on the Change of some of the proximate principles of Vegetables into Bitumen; with Analytical Experiments on a peculiar Substance which is found in the Bovey Coal. This Substance is called Resin-Asphaltum, having been so named by Mr. Hatchett.—Phil. Trans. 1804.

14. On an artificial Substance which possesses the principal characteristic properties of Tannin.

15. Additional Experiments and Remarks on the same Substance.—Phil. Trans. 1805.

16. A Third Series of Experiments on an artificial Substance, which possesses the characteristic properties of Tannin.

17. Observations on Mr. Brande's Experiments on the Urine of the Camel.—Phil. Trans. 1806.

18. A Description of a Process by which Corn, tainted with Must, may be completely purified.—Phil. Trans. 1817.

19. Two Letters, addressed to the Right Hon. Sir William Scott, on the Comparative Durability of Wood and Iron.—Printed in the Appendix to Reports of Cases argued and determined. Mr. Hatchett sent, on the 29th of January, 1836, to his old friend, Mr. Jekyll, an engraved portrait of himself, and on the following day, January 30th, he received the following note from Mr. Jekyll:

"January 30th, 1836.

"Thanks for a kind memorial of our long friendship, though it looks somewhat radical on the thirtieth of January to thank the Hatchett for the Head of Charles!"

"JOSEPH JEKYL."

The above note was afterwards versified by James Smith, the celebrated author of the "Rejected Addresses."

"An answer, Charles Hatchett, thou claimest,
So take it, both pithy and short,

For surely so able a Chemist
Can never reject a retort.

Your portrait no painter can match it,
So I scorn all their envy and snarls,

And, like Cromwell, I owe to a Hatchett
What I gain by the head of a Charles.

"JAMES SMITH, Feb. 13, 1836."

Mr. Hatchett bequeathed his property to his grand-children; his library has in part been sold by auction, and the family-mansion is also to be sold by auction.

THOS. FAULKNER.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

STANZAS.

Amor mi guida e scorge;
Piacer mi tira; usanza mi trasporta,
Petrarca.

"Come hither, my dear boy," the maiden said,
"Talk with me, ere yet for the night we part;
We have given enough to the lore of the head,
Let us speak of the things of the heart."

Hast thou mourn'd for the poor man who sinks to the grave,
Like a wave-shattered bark in the sea?
Hast thou burn'd o'er the records they write of the brave,
How they suffer'd and died to be free?

Hast thou turn'd to the scenes of thy infantine years,
And the days which can light thee no more;
And been touch'd with the delicate passion of tears—
Tears sweet as the joys they deplore?

Hast thou welcom'd thy friend, scarcely able to speak,
For the drops which were ready to start;
Hath love driven its own native hue from thy cheek,
And sent the quick blood to thy heart?

Hast thou found there are faces, that, go where we may,
In silence, sleep, waking, or aught,
Accompany ever by night and by day
The soul which has shap'd them in thought?

Hast thou seen that the riches of earth are not wealth;
That the praise of the world is not fame?
Hast thou known of a blessing more precious than health;
And an honour above a high name?

Hast thou heard of a power that is greater than death,
Which from mortals the grave cannot part?
The soul of the spirit—a life without breath,—
'Tis the love of a strong human heart.

Oh, dearest! thy love is a flame, and has burn'd

To ashes, whatever was mine:
Yet these tears, as they flow, into rapture are turned,
When I know and believe I am thine." U.

THE DRAMA.

Covent Garden—Royal Italian Opera.—On Tuesday, by special desire, Donizetti's opera of *La Favorita* was repeated, the celebrated French barytone, M. Massol, making his first appearance, in the character of the King. This gentleman is slightly known to English opera goers, as he was one of the principal attractions of the Belgian opera company, during its short occupancy of Drury Lane; and though he has perhaps past the time of his greatest power, he is still an artist of great vigour and energy, and an acquisition to this company. His whole performance was manly and characteristic, and he gave the "A tanto amor," in the second act, in a fine and impassioned tone of vocalization. The other parts were filled as heretofore; and both Grisi and Mario were in superb voice, giving their music with wonderful excellence:—the last scene was magnificent.

Drury Lane.—The great Macready evening comes off on Monday, and the cast of both pieces embraces the names of many of the foremost of our dramatic artists. To their honour be it said, our truly pre-eminent tragedian will be supported on this occasion by the voluntary co-operation of Mrs. Warner, Miss Cushman, and Mrs. Nisbett, Messrs. Phelps, Ryder, Compton, Leigh Murray, Younge, F. Vining, and others. "God save the Queen," in honour of her Majesty's presence, will be sung by Braham, Whitworth, Miss Rainforth, and the Misses Williams. The box-book indicates a "bumper flowing o'er."

Haymarket.—On Monday, when the benefit of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean took place, the "little theatre" was crowded to overflowing, and the audience included her Majesty and Prince Albert. The performances consisted of Sir E. Lytton's play of *Money*, most effectively performed throughout; and of Mrs. Centlivre's comedy of *The Wonder*, compressed into three acts, and in which Mr. Kean made his first appearance as *Don Felix*. It was a good study of the part, and fairly carried out; but its general effect was somewhat marred by a harsh sentimentousness of manner and utterance, which hardly accords with the character. Mrs. Kean, as *Donna Violante*, was beyond all praise. Her delivery of every line was

most captivating; and the whole performance lady-like, graceful, and artistic. Webster, too, deserves a good word for his *Lisardo*. On Tuesday, *Hamlet* was played, with Mr. Creswick for the philosophic prince, of which he gave a gentlemanly and judicious reading, acting up to his own advice to the players, and "suits the action to the word, and the word to the action." He was much and deservedly applauded.

To-night, we see, is devoted to the benefit of the excellent manager and eater, Mr. Webster. The play is *The Stranger*, with Mr. and Mrs. Kean in the principal parts; and John Parry is also announced for one of his "comedies" between the pieces. We heartily wish Mr. Webster a bumper house. His indefatigable endeavours to provide amusement and novelty for the public fully entitle him to a large share of support on an occasion like this.

Lyceum.—On Monday a quaint little comic drama, from the pen of Mr. Selby, was produced here with moderate success. It is called *The Tutor's Assistant*, and the fun is occasioned by the appearance of the three principal male characters in female attire. Charles Mathews and Robert Roxby as young ladies of court, and Granby as an elderly duchess of the same. There are some amusing *contre-temps* and situations, but the piece depended more upon the liveliness of the actors than upon its own peculiar merits, which are not of very great pretensions; the whole, however, is amusing enough, and it is put upon the stage with the usual care and neatness which so highly distinguish Madame Vestris' management. The make-up of the male ladies is also excellent.

VARITIES.

London University.—The annual distribution of prizes took place on Saturday; Lord Brougham presiding. The report gave an increase of twenty-two students, notwithstanding the recent prostration of the mercantile world. The 5000*l.* Andrews' donation was duly acknowledged, and the prizes delivered by the noble lord with suitable eulogies. The principal one, the Flaherty scholarship (in classics), 55*l.* per annum for four years, was adjudged to Mr. John Hutton Taylor, of Manchester. At the close Lord Brougham addressed the meeting in an instructive speech, and seasoned with that pleasantry which renders his performances in this way at once so edifying and so popularly entertaining.

Relative Proportion of Jews.—The comparative number of Jews to Christians is as follows: Great Britain and Ireland, 1-2076; Sweden and Norway, 1-5012; Belgium, 1-2157; France, 1-482; Denmark, 1-306; Netherlands, 1-61; Austrian dominions, 1-57; Russia, including Asiatic Russia, 1-56; in Germany, the proportion is 1-90, but their repartition among the individual states varies considerably, for while in the kingdom of Saxony the proportion is 1-1909, in Brunswick it is 1-180, in Hanover 1-158, in Wurtemberg 1-149, in Baden 1-62, in Anhalt Dessau 1-37, in Hamburg 1-22. In the villages of Prussia, the proportion is 1-237; in the cities and towns 1-26; (in Breslau 1-16.)

Shaksperians.—A Warwickshire muster-roll, temp. Henry VIII., described by Mr. Devon, in a communication to the *Morning Post*, contains the name of William, and four other Shaksperes, three Hathaways, and other persons presumed to be relatives of Shakspeare.

Antiquaries, Protest!—It is very coolly proposed in Prussia that the cathedrals and churches should be rifled of their ancient relics, which have the misfortune to be of gold or silver, for the immediate service of the State. A shrine of gold and silver, at Aix-la-Chapelle, surmounted by a crown, in which repose, it is said, the bones of Charlemagne; the shrine of the three kings, in Cologne Cathedral; and a rich high altar in another cathedral, are pointed at for immediate transference to the melting pot. Such useless barbarism would be a disgrace to the age; the State that would attempt to save itself by such short-sighted means is not worth the saving.—*The Builder*.

Dwellings for the Poor.—Lord Willoughby de Eresby, in a letter to *The Times*, proposes, for the improvement of the condition of the labouring classes, the establishment of a national or uniform poor-rate. Also, the excise duty to be remitted on bricks and flooring tiles used in repairing cottages and other dwellings rated at less than 8*l.*, or 5*l.* in the country and 8*l.* in towns; and on bricks and flooring tiles used in erecting new cottages and outbuildings rated at less than 8*l.*, provided the height of the rooms is not less than nine feet clear, and that no underground cellars or apartments are used for habitation. No nobleman of the present day has devoted more attention to these subjects. His own estates bear gratifying witness to the soundness of his views, and entitle his advice and example to be patriotically followed.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Ashwell (Dr.) on Diseases of Women, third edition, 8vo, 2*l.* 1*s.*
Burke's Gentry, Supplementary Volume, royal 8vo, sewed, 1*s.*
Crotien's (C. P.) Essay on Logical Method, 8vo, 6*s.*
Hallam's Supplemental Notes to History of Europe during the Middle Ages, 8vo, boards, 10*s.* 6*d.*
Hampden's Sermons before the University of Oxford in 1835-7, 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*
Hannah's (Mary) Leaves of Poesie, 18mo, cloth, 1*s.* 6*d.*
Italians at Home, by Fanny Sewall, 2 vols. post 8vo, 21*s.*
Lectures on the Second Coming of our Lord, by a Clergyman of the Church of England, 12mo, cloth, 3*s.* 6*d.*
Lee's (E.) Baths, Watering Places, &c., of England, 12mo, cloth, 5*s.*
Lodge's Portraits, cabinet edition, vol. 6, fop. cloth, 6*s.* 6*d.*
Madame de Malquet, 3 vols. post 8vo, 4*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*
Moor's (E. J.) The Weck and the Rock, 12mo, cloth, 2*s.* 6*d.*
Noakes (John) Rambles in Worcestershire, fcp. cloth, 5*s.*
Parley's (P.) Atlas of Modern Maps, 4to, cloth, new edition, 5*s.*
People's Journal, vol. 5, cloth, 4*s.* 6*d.*
Peppys' Diary, vol. 2, second edition, post 8vo, cloth, 10*s.* 6*d.*
Principles of Natural Philosophy, 12mo, boards, 3*s.* 6*d.*
Reynold's Miscellany, vol. 3, cloth, 4*s.* 6*d.*
Scudamore's (Ed. M.D.) Artificial Swarms of Bees, second edition, fcp. cloth, 2*s.* 6*d.*
Seven Fairy Tales, square boards, 2*s.* 6*d.*
Tate's Sermons preached at Edmonton, 12mo, cloth, 6*s.*
Wisdom of the Rambler, Adventurer, and Idler, by Samuel Johnson, LL.D., fcp. cloth, 7*s.*

DENT'S TABLE FOR THE EQUATION OF TIME.

[This table shows the time which a clock or watch should indicate when the sun is on the meridian.]

1848.	h. m. a.	1848.	h. m. a.
July 8	12 4 44.1	July 12	12 5 17.9
9	4 53.1	13	5 24.7
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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JUNIOR'S LETTERS.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

DEAR SIR,—You inquire if the tomb-stone and inscription to Greatrakes are preserved in the churchyard at Hungerford? The former remains, but the latter is nearly effaced, in consequence of the stone having been prostrated on the ground, near the south porch of the said church. Hence, by frequent friction of nailed shoes, the whole of the letters is almost obliterated. My friend and correspondent, the Rev. Edward Duke, writes me word, that he entertains a hope the Marquis of Lansdowne will cause the stone to be preserved, and the inscription restored. I have written to another Wiltshire friend, (who, like Mr. Duke, is a zealous antiquary, and devoted topographer,) the Rev. John Ward, to make inquiry of the churchwardens, and other parties connected with the church and parish, respecting the removal of the stone to a more secure and harmless site; also, cost of new inscription, &c. This information obtained, it is my intention to seek means to preserve this curious memorial of a man, who was, doubtless, intimately acquainted with the *Junius*'s Letters. I cannot expect co-operation with the clergyman of the parish, as he declined to answer a letter of inquiry I addressed to him some months back; and I regret to say that he is not the only person—I will not say gentleman—who treated my literary inquiries with similar discourtesy or contempt.

With thanks for the generous and discriminating review you gave of my volume. I am, yours very sincerely,
J. BARTON.
July 4, 1848.

We have to thank the Editor for No. 1. of *Le Spectateur de Londres*, a weekly Journal in French, from which specimen we augur well of the ability and intelligence by which it bids fair to be conducted. The remarks on Austria are particularly pertinent; and the opening paper by M. Georges de Klindworth, entitled, "*Nos Principes et Notre But*," in a manly and temperate tone.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

Mlle. Jenny Lind.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

On TUESDAY NEXT, July 11th, will be performed Donizetti's Opera, entitled *LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR*. Lucia, Mlle. Jenny Lind; Edgardo, Sig. Gardoni; Bidebent, Sig. Bouche; Enrico, Sig. Coletti. With various Entertainments in the Ballet Department, comprising the talents of Mlle. Carlotta Grist, Mlle. C. Rossi, Mlle. Marie Tagliani, and Mlle. Cerito.

The Free List is suspended, the Public Press excepted. Pit Tickets may be obtained, as usual, at the Box Office of the Theatre, price 10s. 6d. each, where applications for Boxes, Pit, Stalls, and Tickets are to be made.

Mlle. Jenny Lind.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

First Night of *LE NOZZE DI FIGARO*. The Nobility, Patrons of the Opera, and the Public are respectfully informed, that a **GRAND EXTRA NIGHT** will take place on **THURSDAY NEXT**, July 13th, 1845, when will be performed (*First Time this Season*), Mozart's celebrated Opera, entitled, *LE NOZZE DI FIGARO*. Susanna, Mlle. Jenny Lind; Countess, Mlle. Sofia Cravelli; Cherubino, Mlle. Scavari; Count Almaviva, Sig. Coletti; Figaro, Sig. Belletti; Doctor Bartolo, Sig. Labbeche. To conclude with various Entertainments in the Ballet Department, combining the talents of Mlle. Carlotta Grist, Mlle. Carlotta Rossi, Mlle. Marie Tagliani, Mlle. Cerito, &c.

The Free List is suspended, the Public Press excepted. Pit Tickets may be obtained, as usual, at the Box Office of the Theatre, price 10s. 6d. each, where applications for Boxes, Pit, Stalls, and Tickets are to be made.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

M. THALBERG has the honour to announce that his **GRAND MORNING CONCERT** will take place in the Great Concert Room of Her Majesty's Theatre, on **MONDAY MORNING**, July 17th, 1845, and will be supported by the talent of Mlle. JENNY LIND, who will sing the Grand Scenes from *Der Freyschütz* (Weber); La Lezione di Canto, with Sig. Labbeche (Floravanti); and the celebrated Swedish Melodist—M. Thalberg will have the honour to execute a Selection of New and Favourite Pieces.

Further particulars will be published.—Application for Tickets to be made at the Box Office of the Theatre.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

GOVERN GARDEN.

On TUESDAY NEXT, July 11th, will be performed, for the third time this Season, Rossini's Opera,

S E M I R A M I D E.

Semiramide, Mme. Grist; Arsace, Mlle. Albani; Idreno, Sig. Lavia; Ono, Sig. Tagliani; Asur, Sig. Tamburini. Composer, Director of the Music, and Conductor, Mr. Costa. To conclude with, for the first time, a new Ballet Divertissement Comique, entitled,

CORILLA, OU LE TESTAMENT.

Corilla, Mlle. Lucille Graham; Alberto, Sig. Casati; Don Simocrono, Sig. Appiani. The Music composed by Signor Casati and Signor Appiani. The Music arranged by Mr. A. Mellox.

EXTRA NIGHT.

On THURSDAY NEXT, July 13th, a **GRAND EXTRA NIGHT** will be given, on which occasion will be performed, for the second time this Season, Mozart's Opera,

LE NOZZE DI FIGARO.

Susanna, Mme. Grist; La Contessa, Mlle. Stiffanoni; Cherubino, Mlle. Albani; Marcellina, Mme. Bellini; Il Conte Almaviva, Sig. Tamburini; Bartolo, Sig. Labbeche; Figaro, Sig. Rossi; Antonio, Sig. Polonini; Figaro, Sig. Marini. To conclude with the new Ballet Divertissement,

CORILLA, OU LE TESTAMENT.

Admission to the Box Stalls, 10s. and 12s. 6d. To the Pit, 5s. To the New Amphitheatre, 3s. 6d. Amphitheatre Stalls, 5s.

The performances will commence at Eight o'clock. Tickets, Stalls, and Boxes for the Night or Season, to be obtained at the Box Office of the Opera from Eleven till Half-past Five o'clock; and at the principal Libraries and Music Sellers.

BY COMMAND OF HER MAJESTY.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

By special command of her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, on MONDAY, July 10, will be presented the first three acts (which terminate with the fall of Cardinal Wolsey) of Shakespeare's historical play of

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

King Henry the Eighth, Mr. Phelps; Cardinal Wolsey, Mr. Macready; Queen Katharine, Miss Cushman; Anne Bullen, Mrs. Nisbett.

Previous to the Play, "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN" will be sung by Mr. Brabant, Mr. Whitworth, Miss Rainforth, the Misses Williams, and a full Chorus—Conductor, Mr. Benedetti.

To conclude with (in Three Acts) Colman's Comedy of

THE JEALOUS WIFE.

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